

ENGLISH READINGS

Selected for the use of Indian Students,
with Notes and Explanations.

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P R E F A C E .

THE purpose of the following work is to afford a selection of pieces representing, within due limits, a wide variety of styles and a copious vocabulary of ordinary standard English. An attempt is made to appeal to interest and imagination, and to keep in view throughout, though not too obtrusively, the importance of ethical suggestion. The standard is that of the School-leaving and Matriculation stage. The compiler ventures to hope that the book will meet a need, where no special text-book is prescribed, and that it will be found useful and appropriate, either for reading in class, for school libraries, or for presentation.

The notes appended are such as appear necessary for the clearing-up of allusions and idiomatic difficulties in the way of the Indian student. This will explain why they may sometimes seem needless to the English reader. They are not intended to supersede the use of an ordinary dictionary or the explanations of the teacher.

The profits of the undertaking will go towards the erection of a hostel for boys at Almora.

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THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER.

A GREEK LEGEND.

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his old wife Baucis sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They had already eaten their frugal supper, and intended now to spend a quiet hour or two before bedtime. So they talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grapevine, which clambered over the cottage-wall, and on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple. But the rude shouts of children, and the fierce barking of dogs, in the village near at hand, grew louder and louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveller is seeking hospitality among our neighbours yonder, and; instead of giving him food and lodging, they have set their dogs at him, as their custom is!"

"Well-a-day!" answered old Baucis, "I do wish our neighbours felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures. And only think of bringing up their children in this naughty way, and patting them on the head when they fling stones at strangers!"

"Those children will never come to any good," said Philemon, shaking his white head. "To tell you the truth, wife, I should not wonder if some terrible thing were to

happen to all the people in the village unless they mend their manners. But, as for you and me, so long as Providence affords us a crust of bread, let us be ready to give half to any poor, homeless stranger that may come along and need it."

"That's right, husband!" said Baucis. "So we will."

These old folks, you must know, were quite poor, and had to work pretty hard for a living. Old Philemon toiled diligently in his garden, while Baucis was always busy with her distaff, or making a little butter and cheese with her cows' milk, or doing one thing and another about the cottage. Their food was seldom anything but bread, milk, and vegetables, with sometimes a portion of honey from their beehive, and now and then a bunch of grapes, that had ripened against the cottage-wall. But they were two of the kindest old people in the world, and would cheerfully have gone without their dinners, any day, rather than refuse a slice of their brown loaf, a cup of new milk, and a spoonful of honey, to the weary traveller who might pause before their door. They felt as if such guests had a sort of holiness, and that they ought therefore to treat them better and more bountifully than their own selves.

Their cottage stood on a rising ground, at some short distance from the village, which lay in a hollow valley that was about half a mile in breadth. This valley, in past ages, when the world was new, had probably been the bed of a lake. There, fishes had glided to and fro in the depths, and water-weeds had grown along the margin, and trees and hills had seen their reflected images in the broad and

peaceful mirror. But, as the waters subsided, men had cultivated the soil, and built houses on it, so that it was now a fertile spot, and bore no traces of the ancient lake, except a very small brook, which ^{to reach its mouth} meandered through the midst of the village, and supplied the inhabitants with water. The valley had been dry land so long, that oaks had sprung up, and grown great and high, and perished with old age, and been succeeded by others, as tall and stately as the first. Never was there a prettier or more fruitful valley. The very sight of the plenty around them should have made the inhabitants kind and gentle, and ready to show their gratitude to Providence by doing good to their fellow-creatures.

But, we are sorry to say, the people of this lovely village were not worthy to dwell in a spot on which Heaven had smiled so beneficently. They were a very selfish and hard-hearted people, and had no pity for the poor, nor sympathy with the homeless. They would only have laughed, had anybody told them that human beings owe a debt of love to one another, because there is no other method of paying the debt of love and care which all of us owe to Providence. You will hardly believe what I am going to tell you. These naughty people taught their children to be no better than themselves, and used to clap their hands, by way of encouragement, when they saw the little boys and girls run after some poor stranger, shouting at his heels, and pelting him with stones. They kept large and fierce dogs, and whenever a traveller ventured to show himself in the village street, this pack of disagreeable curs scampered

to meet him, barking, snarling, and showing their teeth. Then they would seize him by his leg or clothes, just as it happened ; and if he were ragged when he came, he was generally a pitiable object before he had time to run away. This was a very terrible thing to poor travellers, as you may suppose, especially when they chanced to be sick or feeble, or lame, or old. Such persons (if they once knew how badly these unkind people, and their unkind children and curs, were in the habit of behaving) would go miles and miles out of their way, rather than try to pass through the village again.

What made the matter seem worse, if possible, was that when rich persons came in their chariots, or riding on beautiful horses, with their servants in rich liveries attending on them, no body could be more civil and obsequious than the inhabitants of the village. They would take off their hats, and make the humblest bows you ever saw. If the children were rude, they were pretty certain to get their ears boxed ; and as for the dogs, if a single cur in the pack presumed to yelp, his master instantly beat him with a club, and tied him up without any supper. This would have been all very well, only it proved that the villagers cared much about the money that a stranger had in his pocket, and nothing whatever for the human soul, which lives equally in the beggar and the prince. So now you can understand why old Philemon spoke so sorrowfully, when he heard the shouts of the children and the barking of the dogs, at the farther extremity of the village street. There was a confused din, which lasted

a good while and seemed to pass quite through the breadth of the valley.

"I never heard the dogs so loud," observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude," answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, one to another, while the noise came nearer and nearer ; until at the foot of the little eminence on which their cottage stood they saw two travellers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels. A little farther off, ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might. Once or twice, the younger of the two men (he was a slender and very active figure) turned about and drove back the dogs, with a staff which he carried in his hand. His companion, who was a very tall person, walked calmly along, as if disdaining to notice either the naughty children, or the pack of curs, whose manners the children seemed to imitate.

Both of the travellers were very humbly clad, and looked as if they might not have money enough in their pockets to pay for a night's lodging. And this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these poor people. No doubt, they feel almost too heavy-hearted to climb the hill."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper. A comfortable bowl of bread and milk would do wonders towards raising their spirits." Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon, on his part, went forward, and extended his hand with so hospitable an aspect that there was no need of saying what nevertheless he did say, in the heartiest tone imaginable,—

"Welcome, strangers, welcome!"

"Thank you," replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of way, notwithstanding his weariness and trouble. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village. Pray, why do you live in such a bad neighbourhood?"

"Ah!" observed old Philemon, with a quiet and benign smile "Providence put me here, I hope among other reasons, in order that I may make you what amends I can for the inhospitality of my neighbours."

"Well said, old father," cried the traveller, laughing; "and, if the truth must be told, my companion and myself need some amends. Those children (the little rascals!) have bespattered us finely with their mud-ball; and one of the curs has torn my cloak, which was ragged enough already. But I took him across the muzzle with my staff; and I think you may have heard him yelp, even thus far off." Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the travellers look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey,

besides being disheartened by rough treatment at the end of it. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears. Though it was a summer evening, he wore a cloak, which he kept wrapt closely about him, perhaps because his under-garments were shabby. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes ; but, as it was now growing dusk, and as the old man's eyesight was none of the sharpest, he could not precisely tell in what the strangeness consisted. One thing certainly seemed queer. The traveller was so wonderfully light and active, that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord, or could only be kept down by an effort.

"I used to be light footed, in my youth," said Philemon to the traveller.

"But I always found my feet grow heavier towards nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one along," answered the stranger ; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld. It was made of olive-wood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes, carved in the wood, were represented as turning themselves about the staff, and were so very skilfully executed that old Philemon (whose eyes, you know, were getting rather dim) almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

"A curious piece of work, sure enough," said he "a staff with wings ! It would be an excellent kind of stick for a little boy to ride astride of."

By this time, Philemon and his two friends had reached the cottage door.

"Friends," said the old man, "sit down and rest yourselves here on this bench. My good wife Baucis has gone to see what you can have for supper. We are poor folks ; but you shall be welcome to whatever we have in the cupboard."

The younger threw himself carelessly on the bench, letting his staff fall as he did so. And here happened something rather marvellous, though trifling enough, too. The staff seemed to get up from the ground of its own accord, and, spreading its little pair of wings, it half hopped, half flew, and leaned itself against the wall of the cottage. There it stood quite still, except that the snakes continued to wriggle. But, in my private opinion, old Philemon's eyesight had been playing him tricks again.

Before he could ask any questions, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff, by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a remarkably deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village ?"

"Not in my day, friend," answered Philemon ; and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the old trees, and the little stream murmuring through the midst of the

valley. My father, nor his father before him, ever saw it otherwise, so far as I know ; and doubtless it will still be the same, when old Philemon shall be gone and forgotten."

"That is more than can be safely foretold," observed the stranger ; and there was something very stern in his deep voice. He shook his head, too, so that his dark and heavy curls were shaken with the movement. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again."

The traveller looked so stern, that Philemon was really almost frightened ; the more so, that, at his frown, the twilight seemed suddenly to grow darker, and that, when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

But, in a moment afterwards, the stranger's face became so kindly and mild, that the old man quite forgot his terror. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that the elder traveller must be no ordinary personage, although he happened now to be attired so humbly and to be journeying on foot. Not that Philemon fancied him a prisoner in disguise, or any character of that sort, but rather some exceedingly wise man who went about the world in this poor garb, despising wealth and all worldly objects, and seeking everywhere to add a mite to his wisdom. This idea appeared the more probable, because, when Philemon raised his eyes to the stranger's face, he seemed to see more thought there, in one look, than he could have studied out in a life-time.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travellers began both to talk very sociably with Philemon. The younger, indeed, was extremely loquacious, and made such shrewd and witty remarks, that the good old man continually burst out a-laughing, and pronounced him the merriest fellow he had seen for many a day.

"Pray, my young friend," said he, as they grew familiar together, what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveller. "So if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit tolerably well."

"Quicksilver, Quicksilver," repeated Philemon looking in the traveller's face, to see if he were making fun of him. "It is a very odd name. And your companion there—has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you," replied Quicksilver, putting on a mysterious look. "No other voice is loud enough."

This remark, whether it were serious or in jest, might have caused Philemon to conceive a very great awe of the elder stranger, if, on venturing to gaze at him, he had not beheld so much benevolence in his visage. But, undoubtedly, here was the grandest figure that ever sat so humbly beside a cottage door. When the stranger conversed, it was with gravity, and in such a way that Philemon felt irresistibly moved to tell him everything which he had most at heart. This is always the feeling that people have,

when they meet with any one wise enough to comprehend all their good and evil, and to despise not a little of it.

But Philemon, simple and kind-hearted old man that he was, had not many secrets to disclose. He talked, however quite garrulously, about the events of his past life, in the whole course of which he had never been a score of miles from this very spot. His wife Baucis and himself had dwelt in the cottage from their youth upward, earning their bread by honest labour, always poor, but still contented. He told what excellent butter and cheese Baucis made, and how nice were the vegetables which he raised in his garden. He said, too, that because they loved one another so much, it was the wish of both that death might not separate them, but that they should die, as they had lived, together.

As the stranger listened, a smile beamed over his countenance, and made its expression as sweet as it was grand.

"You are a good old man," he said to Philemon, "and you have a good old wife as a help-meet. It is fit that your wish should be granted."

And it seemed to Philemon, just then, as if the sunset clouds threw up a bright flash from the west, and kindled a sudden light in the sky.

Baucis had now got supper ready, and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"Had we known you were coming," said she, "my goodman and myself would have gone without a morsel,

rather than you should lack a better supper. But I took the most part of today's milk to make cheese ; and our last loaf is already eaten. Ah me ! I never feel the sorrow of being poor, save when a poor traveller knocks at our door."

"All will be very well ; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly, "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest works miracles with the fare, and is capable of turning the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia." ~~food~~

"A welcome you shall have," cried Baucis, "and likewise a little honey that we happen to have left, and a bunch of purple grapes besides."

"Why, mother Baucis, it is a feast !" exclaimed Quicksilver, laughing, "an absolute feast ! and you shall see how bravely I will play my part at it. I think I never felt hungrier in my life."

"Mercy on us !" whispered Baucis to her husband. "If the young man has such a terrible appetite, I am afraid there will not be half enough supper."

They all went into the cottage.

And now, shall I tell you something that will make you open your eyes very wide ? It is really one of the oddest circumstances in the whole story. Quicksilver's staff, you recollect, had set itself up against the wall of the cottage. Well ; when its master entered the door, leaving this wonderful staff behind, what should it do but immediately spread its little wings, and go hopping and fluttering up the door steps ! Tap, tap, went the staff, on the

kitchen floor ; nor did it rest until it had stood itself on end, with the greatest gravity and decorum, beside Quicksilver's chair. Old Philemon, however, as well as his wife, was so taken up in attending to their guests, that no notice was given to what the staff had been about.

As Baucis had said, there was but a scanty supper for two hungry travellers. In the middle of the table was the remnant of a brown loaf, with a piece of cheese on one side of it, and a dish of honeycomb on the other. There was a pretty good bunch of grapes for each of the guests. A moderately-sized earthen pitcher, nearly full of milk, stood at a corner of the board ; and when Baucis had filled two bowls, and set them before the strangers, only a little milk remained in the bottom of the pitcher. Alas ! it is a very sad business when a bountiful heart finds itself pinched and squeezed among narrow circumstances. Poor Baucis kept wishing that she might starve for a week to come, if it were possible, by so doing, to provide these hungry folks a more plentiful supper.

And, since the supper was so exceedingly small, she could not help wishing that their appetites had not been quite so large. Why, at their very first setting down, the travellers both drank off all the milk in their two bowls, at a draught.

"A little more milk, kind mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," answered Baucis, in great confusion, "I am so sorry and ashamed. But the truth is,

there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher. O husband! husband! why didn't we go without our supper?"

"Why, it appears to me," cried Quicksilver, starting up from table and taking the pitcher by the handle, "it really appears to me that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

So saying, and to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill, not only his own bowl, but his companion's likewise, from the pitcher, that was supposed to be almost empty. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes. She had certainly poured out nearly all the milk, and had peeped in afterwards, and seen the bottom of the pitcher, as she set it down upon the table.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher cannot help being empty now, after filling the bowls twice over."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Now Baucis had seen, as plainly as she could see anything, that Quicksilver had turned the pitcher upside down, and consequently had poured out every drop of milk, in filling the last bowl. Of course, there could not possibly be any left. However, in order to let him know precisely how the case was, she lifted the pitcher, and made a gesture as if pouring milk into Quicksilver's bowl, but

without the remotest idea that any milk would stream forth. What was her surprise, therefore, when such an abundant cascade fell bubbling into the bowl, that it was immediately filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table ! The two snakes that were twisted about Quicksilver's staff (but neither Baucis nor Philemon happened to observe this circumstance) stretched out their heads, and began to lap up the spilt milk.

And then what a delicious fragrance the milk had ! It seemed as if Philemon's only cow must have pastured, that day, on the richest herbage that could be found anywhere in the world.

" And now a slice of your brown loaf, mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, " and a little of that honey ! "

Baucis cut him a slice, accordingly ; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather too dry and crusty to be palatable, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven. Tasting a crumb, which had fallen on the table, she found it more delicious than bread ever was before, and could hardly believe that it was a loaf of her own kneading and baking. Yet, what other loaf could it possibly be ?

But, oh the honey ! I may just as well let it alone, without trying to describe how exquisitely it smelt and looked. Its colour was that of the most transparent gold, and it had the odour of a thousand flowers, but of such flowers as never grew in an earthly garden, and to seek which the bees must have flown high above the clouds. The wonder is that after alighting on a flower-bed of so delicious

fragrance and immortal bloom, they should have been content to fly down again to their hive in Philemon's garden. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelt. The perfume floated around the kitchen, and made it so delightful that, had you closed your eyes, you would instantly have forgotten the low ceiling and smoky walls, and have fancied yourself in an arbour, with celestial honeysuckles creeping over it.

Although good mother Baucis was a simple old dame, she could not but think that there was something rather out of the common way, in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests to bread and honey, and laying a bunch of grapes by such of their plates, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen, in a whisper.

"Did you ever hear the like?" asked she.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear old wife, you have been walking about in a sort of dream. If I had poured out the milk, I should have seen through the business at once. There happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought—that is all."

"Ah, husband," said Baucis, "say what you will, these are very uncommon people."

"Well, well!" replied Philemon, still smiling, "perhaps they are. They certainly look as if they had seen better days; and I am heartily glad to see them making so comfortable a supper."

Each of the guests had now taken his bunch of grapes upon his plate. Baucis (who rubbed her eyes, in order to

see the more clearly) was of opinion that the clusters had grown larger and richer, and that each separate grape seemed to be on the point of bursting with ripe juice. It was entirely a mystery to her how such grapes could ever have been produced from the old stunted vine that climbed against the cottage wall.

"Very admirable grapes these!" observed Quicksilver, as he swallowed one after another, without apparently diminishing his cluster. "Pray, my good host, whence did you gather them?"

"From my own vine," answered Philemon. "You may see one of its branches twisting across the window, yonder. But wife and I never thought the grapes very fine ones."

"I never tasted better," said the guest. "Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please, and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time old Philemon bestirred himself, and took up the pitcher; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in the marvels which Baucis had whispered to him. He knew that his good old wife was incapable of falsehood, and that she was seldom mistaken in what she supposed to be true; but this was so very singular a case, that he wanted to see into it with his own eyes. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain, which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim with foaming and deliciously fragrant milk. It was lucky

that Philemon in his surprise did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand.

"Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?" cried he, even more bewildered than his wife had been.

"Your guests, my good Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveller, in his mild, deep voice, that had something at once sweet and awe-inspiring in it. "Give me likewise a cup of the milk; and may your pitcher never be emptied for kind Baucis and yourself, any more than for the needy wayfarer!"

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. The old people would gladly have talked with them a little longer, and have expressed the wonder which they felt, and their delight at finding the poor and meagre supper prove so much better and more abundant than they hoped. But the elder traveller had inspired them with such reverence that they dared not ask him any question. And when Philemon drew Quicksilver aside and enquired how under the sun a fountain of milk could have got into an old earthen pitcher, this latter personage pointed to his staff.

"There is the whole mystery of the affair," quoth Quicksilver; "and if you can make it out, I'll thank you to let me know. I can't tell what to make of my staff. It is always playing such odd tricks as this; sometimes getting me a supper, and, quite as often, stealing it away. I should say the stick was bewitched!"

He said no more, but looked so slyly in their faces, that they rather fancied he was laughing at them. The

magic staff went hopping at his heels, as Quicksilver quitted the room. When left alone, the good old couple spent some little time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep. They had given up their sleeping-room to the guests, and had no other bed for themselves, save these plants, which I wish had been as soft as their own hearts.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes in the morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. Philemon hospitably entreated them to remain a little longer, until Baucis could milk the cow, and bake a cake upon the hearth, and perhaps find them a few fresh eggs for breakfast. The guests, however, seemed to think it better to accomplish a good part of their journey before the heat of the day should come on. They therefore persisted in setting out immediately, but asked Philemon and Baucis to walk forth with them a short distance, and show them the road which they were to take.

So they all four issued from the cottage, chatting together like old friends. It was very remarkable, indeed, how familiar the old couple insensibly grew with the elder traveller, and how their good and simple spirits melted into his, even as two drops of water would melt into the illimitable ocean. And as for Quicksilver, with his keen, quick, laughing wits, he appeared to discover every little thought that but peeped into their minds, before they suspected it themselves. They sometimes wished, it is

true, that he had not been quite so quick-witted, and also that he would fling away his staff, which looked so mysteriously mischievous, with the snakes always writhing about it. But then, again, Quicksilver showed himself so very good-humoured, that they would have been rejoiced to keep him in their cottage, snakes and all, every day and the whole day long.

"Ah me! Well-a-day!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little away from their door. "If our neighbours only knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up all their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and shame for them to behave so,—that it is!" cried good old Baucis, vehemently. "And I mean to go this very day and tell some of them what bad people they are."

"I fear," remarked Quicksilver, slyly smiling, "that you will find none of them at home."

The elder traveller's brow, just then, assumed such a grave, stern, and awful grandeur, yet serene withal, that neither Baucis nor Philemon dared to speak a word. They gazed reverently into his face, as if they had been gazing at the sky.

"When men do not feel towards the humblest stranger as if he were a brother," said the traveller, in tones so deep, that they sounded like those of an organ, "they are unworthy to exist on earth, which was created as the abode of a great human brotherhood!"

“ And, by the bye, my dear old people,” cried Quick-silver, with the liveliest look of fun and mischief in his eyes, “ where is this same village that you talk about ? On which side of us does it lie ?

Methinks I do not see it hereabouts.”

Philemon and his wife turned towards the valley, where, at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the clumps of trees, the wide, green-margined street, with children playing in it, and all the tokens of business, enjoyment, and prosperity. But what was their astonishment ! There was no longer any appearance of a village. Even the fertile vale, in the hollow of which it lay, had ceased to have existence. In its stead, they beheld the broad blue surface of a lake, which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim, and reflected the surrounding hills in its bosom with as tranquil an image as if it had been there ever since the creation of the world. For an instant, the lake remained perfectly smooth. Then, a little breeze sprang up, and caused the water to dance, glitter and sparkle in the early sunbeams, and to dash, with a pleasant rippling murmur, against the hither shore.

The lake seemed so strangely familiar, that the old couple were greatly perplexed, and felt as if they could only have been dreaming about a village having lain there. But the next moment they remembered the vanished dwellings and the faces and characters of the inhabitants far too distinctly for a dream. The village had been there yesterday, and now was gone.

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbours?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveller, in his deep, grand voice, while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it at a distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs, for they never softened or sweetened the hard lot of mortality by the exercise of kindly affections between man and man. They retained no image of the better life in their bosoms; therefore, the lake that was of old has spread itself forth again, to reflect the sky."

"And as for those foolish people," said Quicksilver, with his mischievous smile, "they are all transformed to fishes. They needed but little change, for they were already a scaly set of rascals, and the coldest-blooded beings in existence. So, kind mother Baucis, whenever you or your husband have an appetite for a dish of boiled trout, he can throw in a line, and pull out half a dozen of your old neighbours."

"Ah," cried Baucis, shuddering, "I would not for the world put one of them on the gridiron."

"No," added Philemon, making a wry face, "we could never relish them."

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveller, "and you, kind Baucis—you, with your scanty means have mingled so much heartfelt hospitality with your entertainment of the homeless stranger, that the milk became an inexhaustible fountain of nectar, and the brown loaf and honey were ambrosia. Thus, the divinities have feasted,

at your board, of the same viands that supply their banquets on Olympus. You have done well, my dear old friends. Wherefore, request whatever favour you have most at heart, and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then—I know not which of the two it was who spoke, or that one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together, while we live, and leave the world at the same instant, when we die. For we have always loved each other!"

"Be it so!" replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. "Now look towards your cottage."

They did so. But what was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble, with a wide-open portal, occupying the spot where their humble residence had so lately stood.

"There is your home," said the stranger, benevolently smiling on them both. "Exercise your hospitality in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel in which you welcomed us last evening."

The old folks fell on their knees to thank him—but behold! Neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time with vast satisfaction to themselves, in making everybody jolly and comfortable who happened to pass that way. The milk pitcher, I must not forget to say, retained its marvellous quality of being never empty, when it was desirable to have it full. Whenever an honest, good humoured, and free-hearted guest

took a draught from this pitcher, he invariably found it the sweetest and most invigorating fluid that ever ran down his throat. But, if a cross and disagreeable curmudgeon happened to sip, he was pretty certain to twist his visage into a hard knot, and pronounce it a pitcher of sour milk.

Thus the old couple lived in their palace a great, great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings, with one hospitable smile overspreading both their pleasant faces, to invite the guests of overnight to breakfast. The guests searched everywhere, from top to bottom of the spacious palace, and all to no purpose. But, after a great deal of perplexity, they espied, in front of the portal, two venerable trees, which nobody could remember to have seen there the day before. Yet, there they stood, with their roots fastened deep into the soil, and a huge breadth of foliage overshadowing the whole front of the edifice. One was an oak, and the other a linden-tree. Their boughs - it was strange and beautiful to see—were intertwined together, and embraced one another so that each tree seemed to live in the other tree's bosom much more than in its own.

While the guests were marvelling how these trees, that must have required at least a century to grow, could have come to be so tall and venerable in a single night, a breeze sprang up, and set their intermingled boughs a-stir. And then there was a deep, broad murmur in the air, as if the two mysterious trees were speaking.

“ I am old Philemon ! ” murmured the oak.

“ I am old Baucis ! ” murmured the linden-tree.

But, as the breeze grew stronger, the trees both spoke at once—“ Philemon, Baucis, Baucis, Philemon ! ”—as if one were both and both were one, and talking together in the depth of their mutual heart. It was plain enough to perceive that the good old couple had renewed their age, and were now to spend a quiet and delightful hundred years or so, Philemon as an oak, and Baucis as a linden-tree. And what a hospitable shade they did fling around them ! Whenever a wayfarer passed beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound should so much resemble words like these :—

“ Welcome, welcome, dear traveller, welcome ! ”

And some kind soul, that knew what would have pleased old Baucis and Philemon best, built a circular seat around both their trunks, where, for a great while afterwards, the weary, and the hungry, and the thirsty used to repose themselves, and quaff milk abundantly out of the miraculous pitcher.

And I wish, for all our sakes, that we had the pitcher here now !

(*Nathaniel Hawthorne*).

FROM THE SANSKRIT. *P*

[These extracts are rendered into English verse by the well-known Sanskrit scholar, Dr. John Muir, from the Veda, Mahabharata, Puranas, etc.]

1. The empty beds of rivers fill again,
Trees leafless now, renew their vernal bloom,

Returning moons their lustrous phase resume,
But man a second youth expects in vain.

2. Before decay thy body wears,
And with it strength and beauty bears,
Before disease, stern charioteer,
Thy frame's dissolver, death, brings near,
Those noblest treasures hoard in haste,
Which neither time nor chance can waste.
With ceaseless care amass that wealth
Which neither thieves can filch by stealth.
Nor greedy tyrants snatch away,
Which even in death shall with thee stay.
3. The sage will ne'er allow a day
Unmarked by good to pass away ;
But waking up, will often ask,
" Have I this day fulfilled my task ?
With this, with each, day's setting sun,
A part of my brief course is run."
4. With daily scrutinising ken
Let every man his actions try,
Enquiring " What with brutes have I
In common, what with noble men ? "
5. Let all thy acts by day be right,
That thou mayst sweetly rest at night ;
Let such good deeds thy youth engage,
That thou mayst spend a tranquil age.
So act through life, that not in vain
Thou heavenly bliss may'st hope to gain.

6. Hear virtue's sum embraced in one
Brief maxim lay it well to heart—
Ne'er do to others what, if done
To thee, would cause thee inward smart.
7. The good to others kindness show,
And from them no return exact ;
The best and greatest men, they know,
Thus ever nobly love to act.
8. His action no applause invites
Who simply good with good repays :
He only justly merits praise
Who wrongful deeds with kind requites.
9. To scatter joy throughout thy whole
Surrounding world ; to share men's grief :--
Such is the worship, best and chief,
Of God, the universal Soul.
10. He only does not live in vain
Who all the means within his reach
Employs—his wealth, his thought, his speech,
To advance the weal of other men.
11. That foe repel not with a frown
Who claims thy hospitable aid ;
A tree refuses not its shade
To him who comes to hew it down.
12. A hero hates not even the foe
Whose deadly bow is 'gainst him bent ;
The sandal tree with fragrant scent
Imbues the axe that lays it low.

13. Small souls inquire, " Belongs this man
To our own race, or class, or clan ? "
But larger hearted men embrace
As brothers all the human race.
14. Thou mark'st the faults of other men,
Although as mustard seeds minute ;
Thine own escape thy partial ken,
Though each in size a Bilva fruit.
15. Declare, what power the born conceit
Can drive from any creature's mind,
See yonder bird, its back reclined
On earth, throws up its little feet,
While there it sleeps, the sky to prop,
Which else to earth might downward drop !
16. The triple staff, long matted hair,
A squalid garb of skins or bark,
A vow of silence, meagre fare,
All signs the devotee that mark,
And all the round of rites, are vain,
Unless the soul be pure from stain.
17. Those men alone the secret know
Which everlasting bliss will bring,
Whose hearts with pity overflow,
And love to every living thing :
Not those a beggar's garb who wear,
With ashes smeared, with matted hair.
18. Oft ill of good the semblance bears,
And good the guise of evil wears :
So loss of wealth, though bringing pain,
To many a man is real gain ;

While wealth to others proves a bane ;
It's hoped for fruits they seek in vain.

19. Mount Meru's peak to scale is not too high,
Nor Hades' lowest depth to reach too deep,
Nor any sea too broad to overleap,
For men of dauntless, fiery energy.
20. Most men the thing they have, despise,
And others which they have not, prize ;
In winter wish for summer's glow,
In summer long for for winter's snow.
21. The gods no club, like herdsmen wield,
To guard the man they deign to shield :
On those to whom they grace will show,
They understanding sound bestow ;
But rob of sense and insight all
Of whom their wrath decrees the fall.
These wretched men, their minds deranged,
See all they see, distorted, changed ;
For good to them as evil looms,
And folly wisdom's form assumes.
22. A man in whom his kindred see
One like themselves, of common mould,
May yet by thoughtful strangers be
Among the great and wise enrolled.
23. As water-drops, which slowly fall,
A pitcher fill by ceaseless flow ;
So learning, virtue, riches, all
By constant small accretions grow.

24. With knowledge, say, what other wealth
Can vie, which neither thieves by stealth
Can take, nor kinsmen make their prey ;
Which lavished, never wastes away.
25. The list of books is long : mishaps arise
To bar the student's progress ; life is brief.
Whatever, then, in books is best and chief,
The essence, kernel, *that* attracts the wise.
26. As cloth is tinged by any dye
In which it long time plunged may lie ;
So those with whom he loves to live
To every man his colour give.
27. Sin practised oft (experience shows)
Men's understanding steals at length,
And understanding gone, the strength
Of sin unchecked, resistless grows.
But virtue ever practised, lends
The understanding firmer sway,
And understanding day by day
More widely virtue's rule extends.

INDIAN HANDICRAFTS.

In speaking of artistic productions we have to distinguish carefully between three different modes of their creation. There is first of all *invention*, which inspires the true artist to produce something new and distinctive ; such is the work of the painter or statuary, who in Europe takes rank, not as an artisan, but as a member of the

aristocracy of intellect. Secondly, there is the mechanical reproduction of designs, due in the first instance to inventive genius, but which have now passed into the hands of the mechanic, whose labour often represents only a small part of the entire process of manufacture, and is in no sense due to his own thought or individuality. This is what we now call by the special name of *manufacture*, though the word has become strangely altered in meaning. Originally it meant 'handiwork,' whereas it usually signifies now-a-days 'machine-made,' and we have had to employ a new term '*hand-made*' to designate those articles which are formed by manual skill. These constitute the third class, in the sense of things made by hand after some traditional or conventional pattern. This is the form of art and handicraft most generally prevalent in India. "In India," writes Sir George Birdwood, "everything is hand-wrought, and everything, down to the cheapest toy or earthen vessel, is therefore more or less a work of art. It is not of course meant to rank the decorative art of India, which is a fixed tradition, although perfect in form, with the fine arts of Europe, wherein the inventive genius of the artist asserts itself in true creation. The spirit of fine art is indeed everywhere latent in India, but it has yet to be quickened again into operation. But the Indian workman, from the humblest potter to the most cunning embroiderer, is not the less a true artist, although he seldom rises above the traditions of his art." An old traveller who visited India in the 17th century, in describing the people of India, writes, "They show very much ingenuity in their curious manufactures, as in their silk stuffs, which they most artificially weave,

some of them very neatly mingled either with silver or gold, or both ; as also in making excellent quilts of their stained cloth, or of fresh-coloured taffeta lined with chintz, or of their satin lined with taffeta, betwixt which they put cotton wool, and work them together with silk. They make likewise excellent carpets of their cotton wool, in fine mingled colours, some of them three yards broad, and of a great length. Some other richer carpets they make all of silk, so artificially mixed, that they lively represent those flowers and figures made in them. The ground of some other of their very rich carpets is silver or gold, about which are such silken flowers and figures as I before named, most excellently disposed throughout the whole work. Their skill is likewise exquisite in making cabinets, boxes, trunks, and standishes, curiously wrought within and without ; inlaid with elephant's teeth, or mother-of-pearl, ebony, tortoise-shell, or wire ; they make excellent cups and other things of agate or cornelian, and are curious in cutting of all manner of stones, diamonds as well as others. They paint staves or bedsteads, chests or boxes, fruit dishes, or large chargers, extremely neat, which, when they are not inlaid, as before, they cover the wood, first being handsomely turned, with a thick gum, then put their paint on, most artificially made of liquid silver or gold, or other lively colours, which they use, and after make it much more beautiful with a very clear varnish put upon it. They are also most excellent at limning, and will copy out any picture they see to the life. The truth is, that the natives of that monarchy are the best for imitation in the world,

so full of ingenuity, that they will make any new thing by pattern, how hard soever it seems to be done ; and therefore it is no marvel if the natives there make shoes, boots, clothes, linen bands and cuffs, of our English fashion, which are all of them very different from their fashions and habits."

It is this very imitativeness, however, which has done so much injury to Indian handiwork. It is said that the Cashmere trade in shawls has been ruined through the quickness with which the caste weavers have adopted the "improved shawl patterns" which the French agents of the Paris import-houses have set before them. The introduction of machinery, though it may prove to be an inevitable result of modern developments, will, unless guided by a pure and well-informed taste, lead to a great deterioration of the beautiful system of decoration indigenous in India, and is likely to put an end to the good work of the traditional handicraftsmen in the villages of the land. Sir George Birdwood in his "Industrial arts of India" gives the following interesting description of the village crafts :

"Outside the entrance of the single village street, on an exposed rise of ground, the hereditary potter sits by his wheel moulding the swift-revolving clay by the natural curve of his hands. At the back of the houses, which form the low irregular street, there are two or three looms at work in blue and scarlet and gold, the frames hanging between the acacia trees, the yellow flowers of which drop fast on the webs as they are being woven. In the street the

brass and coppersmiths are hammering away at their pots and pans ; and further down, in the verandah of the rich man's house, is the jeweller working rupees and gold mohurs into fair jewelry, gold and silver earrings, and round tires like the moon, bracelets and tablets and nose-rings, and tinkling ornaments for the feet, taking his designs from the fruits and flowers around him, or from the traditional forms represented in the paintings and carvings of the great temple, which rises over the grove of mangoes and palms at the end of the street above the lotus-covered village tank. At half-past three or four in the afternoon the whole street is lighted up by the moving robes of the women going down to draw water from the tank, each with two or three water jars on her head : and so, while they are going and returning in single file, the scene glows like Titian's canvas, and moves like the stately procession of the Panathenaic freize. Later, the men drive in the mild grey kine from the moaning plain, the looms are folded up, the coppersmiths are silent, the elders gather in the gate, the lights begin to glimmer in the fast-falling darkness, the feasting and the music are heard on every side, and late into the night the songs are sung from the Ramayana or Mahabharata. The next morning with sunrise, after the simple ablutions and adorations performed in the open air before the houses, the same day begins again. This is the daily life going on all over Western India in the village communities of the Dakhan, among a people happy in their simple manners and frugal way of life."

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

- Our task is done ! on Gunga's breast
 The sun is sinking down to rest ;
 And, moor'd beneath the tamarind bough,
 Our bark has found its harbour now
 With furled sail, and painted side,
 Behold the tiny frigate ride.
 Upon the deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
 The Moslem's savoury supper steams ;
 While all apart, beneath the wood,
10. The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.
 Come, walk with me the jungle through :
 If yonder hunter told us true,
 Far off, in desert dark and rude,
 The tiger holds his solitude ;
 Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
 The thunders of the English gun)
 A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
 Returns to scare the village green.
 Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
20. Can shelter in so cool a brake.
 Child of the sun, he loves to lie
 'Midst Nature's embers, parched and dry,
 Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
 The peepul spreads its haunted shade ;
 Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
 Fit warder of the gate of death !
 Come on ! yet pause--behold us now
 Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,

- Where, gemming oft the sacred gloom,
 Grows the geranium's scarlet bloom,
 And winds our path through many a bower
 Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
 The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
 O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
 And dusk ananas' prickly blade ;
 While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
 The betel waves his crest in air.
10. With pendent train and rushing wings,
 Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs :
 And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
 Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
 So rich a shade, so green a sod,
 The English fairies never trod !
 Yet who in Indian bowers has stood,
 But thought on England's ' good green-wood ' ?
 And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
 Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
20. And breathed a prayer, (how oft in vain !)
 To gaze upon her oaks again ?
 —A truce to thought : the jackal's cry
 Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
 And through the trees yon failing ray
 Will scanty serve to guide our way.
 Yet mark ! as fade the upper skies,
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes
 Before, beside us, and above
 The firefly lights his lamp of love,

- Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
 The darkness of the copse exploring ;
 While to this cooler air confessed,
 The broad Dhatura bares her breast
 Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
 A pearl around the locks of night !
 Still as we pass, in softened hum,
 Along the breezy alleys come
 The village song, the horn, the drum.
10. Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
 The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;
 And, what is she whose liquid strain
 Thrills through you copse of sugar-cane ?
 I know that soul-entrancing swell —
 It is, it must be, Philomel.
 Enough, enough, the rustling trees
 Announce a shower upon the breeze,—
 The flashes of the summer-sky
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;
20. Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
 And we must early sleep, to find
 Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
 But oh ! with thankful hearts confess
 Even here there may be happiness ;
 And He, the bounteous sire, has given
 His peace on earth, his hope of heaven.

(*Reginald Heber*).

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

I.—SOCRATES.

We have something to learn from the old Greeks as to the virtue of Duty. Socrates is considered by some as the founder of Greek philosophy. It was his belief that he was specially charged by the Deity to awaken moral consciousness in men. He was born at Athens 468 B. C. He received the best education which an Athenian could obtain. He first learnt sculpture, in which he acquired some reputation. He then served his country as a soldier, according to the duty of all Athenian citizens. The oath which he took, in common with all other youths, was as follows:—"I will not disgrace the sacred arms entrusted to me by my country; nor will I desert the place committed to me to defend."

He displayed much fortitude and valour in all the expeditions in which he was engaged. In one of the engagements which took place before Potidaea, Alcibiades fell wounded in the midst of the enemy. Socrates rushed forward to rescue him, and carried him back, together with his arms. For this gallant performance he was awarded the civil crown as the prize of valour—the Victoria Cross of those days. His second campaign was no less honourable. At the disastrous battle of Delium he saved the life of Xenophon, whom he carried from the field on his shoulder, fighting his way as he went. He served in another campaign, after which he devoted himself for a time to the civil service of his country.

He was as brave as a senator as he had been as a soldier. He possessed that high moral courage which can brave not only death but adverse opinion. He could defy a tyrant, as well as a tyrannical mob. When the admirals were tried after a certain battle, for not having rescued the bodies of the slain, Socrates stood alone in defending them. The mob were furious. He was dismissed from the Council, and the admirals were condemned.

Socrates then devoted himself to teaching. He stood in the market-places, entered the workshops, and visited the schools, in order to teach the people his ideas respecting the scope and value of human speculation and action. He appeared during a time of utter scepticism. He endeavoured to withdraw men from their metaphysical speculation about nature, which had led them into the inextricable confusion of doubt. "Is life worth living?" was a matter of as much speculation in those days as it is in ours. Socrates bade them look inwards. While men were propitiating the gods, he insisted upon moral conduct as alone guiding man to happiness here and hereafter.

Socrates went about teaching. Wise men and pupils followed him. Aristippus offered him a large sum of money, but the offer was at once declined. Socrates did not teach for money, but to propagate wisdom. He declared that the highest reward he could enjoy was to see mankind benefitting by his labours.

He did not expound from books; he merely argued. "Books," he said, "cannot be interrogated, cannot answer, therefore they cannot teach. We can only learn from them

what we knew before." He endeavoured to reduce things to their first elements, and to arrive at certainty as the only standard of truth. He believed in the unity of virtue, and averred that it was teachable as a matter of science. He was of opinion that the only valuable philosophy is that which teaches us our moral duties and religious hopes. He hated injustice and folly of all kinds, and never lost an occasion of exposing them. He expressed his contempt for the capacity for government assumed by all men. He held that only the wise were fit to govern, and that they were the few.

In his seventy-second year he was brought before the judges. The accusers stated thier charge as follows: Socrates is an evil-doer, and corrupter of youth; he does not receive the gods whom the state receives, but introduces new divinities. He was tried on these grounds, and condemned to die. He was taken to his prison, and for thirty days he conversed with his friends on his favourite topics. Crito provided for him the means of escaping from prison, but he would not avail himself of the opportunity. He conversed about the immorality of the soul, about courage, and virtue, and temperance, about absolute beauty and absolute good, and about his wife and children. "If death," he said, "had only been the end of all, the wicked would have had a good bargain in dying, for they would have been happily quit, not only of their bodies, but of their own evil, together with their souls. But now, inasmuch as the soul is manifestly immortal, there is no release or salvation from evil, except the attainment of the highest virtue and wisdom."

He consoled his weeping friends, and gently upbraided them for their complaints about the injustice of his sentence. He was about to die. Why should they complain? He was far advanced in years. Had they waited a short time, the thing would have happened in the course of nature. No man ever welcomed death as a new birth to a higher state of being with greater faith. The time at length came when the gaoler presented him with the cup of hemlock. He drank it with courage, and died in complete calmness. "Such was the end," said Phaedo, "of our friend, whom I may truly call the wisest and justest and best of all men whom I have ever known."

II. II.—COLUMBUS.

Columbus may be regarded in the light of a martyr. He sacrificed his life to the discovery of a New World. The poor woolcarder's son of Genoa had long to struggle unsuccessfully with the petty conditions necessary for the realisation of his idea. He dared to believe, on grounds sufficing to his reason, that which the world disbelieved and scoffed and scorned at. He believed that the earth was round, while the world believed that it was flat as a plate. He believed that the whole circle of the earth, outside the known world, could not be wholly occupied by sea; but that the probability was that continents of land might be contained within it. It was certainly a probability; but the noblest qualities of the soul are often brought forth by the strength of probabilities that appear slight to less daring spirits. In the eyes of his countrymen, few things were more improbable than that Columbus should survive the

dangers of unknown seas, and land on the shores of the new hemisphere.

Columbus was a practical as well as an intellectual hero. He went from one state to another, urging kings and emperors to undertake the first visiting of a world which his instructed spirit already discerned in the far-off seas. He first tried his own countrymen at Genoa, but found none ready to help him. He then went to Portugal, and submitted his project to John II, who laid it before his council. It was scouted as extravagant and chimerical. Nevertheless, the king endeavoured to steal Columbus's idea. A fleet was sent forth in the direction indicated by the navigator, but, being frustrated by storms and winds, it returned to Lisbon after four days' voyaging.

Columbus returned to Genoa, and again renewed his propositions to the Republic, but without success. Nothing discouraged him. The finding of the New World was the irrevocable object of his life. He went to Spain, and landed at the town of Palos. He went by chance to a convent of Franciscans, knocked at the door, and asked for a little bread and water. The prior gratefully received the stranger, entertained him, and learned from him the story of his life. He encouraged him in his hopes, and furnished him with an admission to the court of Spain, then at Cordova. King Ferdinand received him graciously, but before coming to a decision, he desired to lay the project before a council of his wisest men at Salamanca. Columbus had to reply, not only to the scientific arguments laid before him, but to citations from the Bible. The Spanish

clergy declared that the theory of an antipodes was hostile to the faith. The earth, they said, was an immense flat disc ; and if there was a new earth beyond the ocean, then all men could not be descended from Adam. Columbus was dismissed as a fool.

Still bent on his idea, he wrote to the King of England, then to the King of France, without effect. At last, in 1492, Columbus was introduced to Queen Isabella of Spain. The friends who accompanied him pleaded his cause with so much force and conviction, that the queen acceded to their wishes, and promised to take charge of the proposed enterprise. A fleet of three small caravélles, only one of which was decked, was got ready ; and Columbus sailed from the port of Palos on the 3rd of August 1492. After his long fight against the ignorance of men, he had now to strive against the superstitions of seamen. He had a long and arduous struggle. The unknown seas, the perils of the deep, the fear lest hunger should befall them, the weary disappointment on the silent main, the repeated failure of their hope of seeing land, sometimes rose to mutiny, which Columbus, always full of hope, had the courage to suppress. At last, after seventy days' sail, land was discovered, and Columbus set foot on the island of San Salvador. Then Cuba and Hispaniola were discovered. They were taken possession of in the name of the King and Queen of Spain. At the latter island, a fort was built. A commandant and some men were left in it ; and Columbus then returned to Spain to give an account of his discovery.

The enthusiasm with which he was received was immense; his fame was great, not only in Spain, but throughout the world. He did not remain long in Spain. He set out again for America, this time in command of fourteen caravelles and three large vessels, containing in all about 1200 men. A number of nobles took part in the expedition. On this occasion Guadaloupe and Jamaica were discovered, and San Domingo and Cuba were explored. But the fabulous gold which the nobles expected was not forthcoming. Factions began, and ended in blood. Columbus vainly endeavoured to reanimate their enthusiasm. But they regarded him with disdain, and as the author of their misery.

Columbus returned to Spain a second time, but he was not received with the same plaudits as before. The Spanish sovereigns received him with interest, though not without a little coolness. He found that a base and envious jealousy was springing up against him among the courtiers. Another expedition was, however, undertaken. Six large ships again carried Columbus and his followers to the New World. On this occasion, the mainland of America was discovered, and other islands in the Caribbean Sea. In the meantime, the natives of San Domingo rebelled against the Spaniards, who treated them with great cruelty. The Spanish colonists also fell out among themselves, and waged incessant war against each other. Columbus, in great sorrow at these events, despatched messages to the King of Spain, desiring him to send out for San Domingo a magistrate and a jury.

At the instigation of some jealous and hostile members of the court, the king sent out Don Francisco de Bobadillo, furnished with absolute powers, and designated governor of the New World. He was not a judge, but an executioner. The first thing he did after landing was to throw Columbus and his two brothers into prison. He commissioned Villego to convey the brothers to Spain. Columbus was laden with chains like a malefactor, and put on board ship. While on the way, Villego, compassionating the great navigator's lot, offered to relieve him of the irons. "No!" said Columbus; "I will preserve them as a memorial of the recompense due to my services." "These irons," said his son Fernand, "I have often seen suspended on the cabinet of my father; and he ordered that at his death they should be buried with him in his grave."

On the return of the ship to Spain, the king and the queen, ashamed of the conduct of Bobadillo, ordered that the prisoners should be set at liberty. Columbus was disgusted with his treatment. "The world," he said, "has delivered me to a thousand conflicts, and I have resisted them all unto this day; I could not defend myself, neither with arms nor with prudence. With what barbarism have they treated me throughout!"

Yet his eager and mysteriously informed spirit was still brooding over the wide ocean. He obtained the means of making a fourth voyage, which, he thought, would eventually enrich Spain, a country which he had as yet so thanklessly served. This time he discovered the island of Guanaja. He coasted round Honduras, Nicaragua and

Panama. He landed at Veraguas, and found the rich mines of gold in these regions ; he endeavoured to found a colony on the river Belen ; but a tempest arising, his ships were blown hither and thither, and he was obliged to set sail for San Domingo to repair his ships. He was now growing old and worn out with fatigues and sufferings. He was sick and ill when his seamen mutinied, and threatened to take his life. He could not resist, for he had no one to help him. But suddenly the land came in sight, and he entered San Domingo in safety.

Shortly after, he set sail for Spain. It was his last voyage. He was now about seventy. After his "long wandering woe" he was glad to reach Spain at last. He hoped for some reward - at least for as much as would keep soul and body together. But his appeals were fruitless. He lived for a few months after his return, poor, lonely, and stricken with a mortal disease. Even towards his death he was a scarcely tolerated beggar. He had to complain that his frock had been taken and sold, that he had not a roof of his own, and lacked wherewithal to pay his tavern bill. It was then that, with failing breath, he uttered the words, sublime in their touching simplicity, "I, a native of Genoa, discovered in the distant West the continent and isles of India." He expired at Valladolid, on the 20th of May 1506, his last words being, "Lord, I deliver my soul into thy hands." Thus died the great martyr of discovery. His defeat was victory. He struggled nobly, and died faithfully.

III.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Wellington was the Bayard of England. His first and his last word was duty. It was the leading principle of his life. In public and in private he was truth itself. As a public man, he had but one object in view, to benefit to the utmost of his ability and skill the service of his country. The desire of honour and power seems never to have moved him. He had no personal ambition. He was simply content to do his duty.

His first business was to understand his work as regimental officer, and he had not long assumed the command of a battalion, before it became the best disciplined in the service. Whatever he was commanded to do, he did energetically and punctually. He regarded time as a period in which something was to be done, and done seriously and actively. Another point in which he excelled was obedience. On his return from India, where he had commanded large armies, and administered the affairs of provinces equal in extent to many a European kingdom, he was appointed to the command of a brigade of infantry in Sussex. Not a word of complaint or murmur escaped from him ; and when taunted good-humouredly with the change of his condition, he said, "I have eaten the king's salt, and whatever he desires me to do, that becomes my duty."

The Government of the empire was for him the king's Government. The throne was the fountain, not of honour only, but of all the rights and privileges which the law enjoyed. Yet the throne was as much hemmed in by law, and even by custom, as the humblest of the lieges. Like the

best of the cavaliers in the time of the first Charles, it was for the crown, as the greatest institution in the country, that he was prepared to risk everything.

Of his courage it is unnecessary to speak. In these days of artillery and infantry it is unnecessary for a general to expose himself to danger. He has to lead, not to fight. Nevertheless, as often as his presence on a point of danger, or at the head of a column of attack was necessary, he exposed himself gallantly. At the battle of Assaye he had two horses killed under him. On the Douro he was surrounded by a body of French horse, and made his way through them, sword in hand. At Salamanca he received a contusion on the thigh, and a ball through his hat. "I found myself near him," says Napier, "on the evening of Salamanca, when the blaze of artillery and musketry flashing up as far as the eye could reach, made apparent all that he had gained. He was alone, the light of victory shone upon his forehead, his glance was quick and penetrating, but his voice was calm and even sweet."

The Duke's patience was extraordinary. When hemmed in by the army of Massena at Torres Vedras, in 1810, his own officers almost revolted against him. They were constantly claiming leave of absence, for the purpose of returning to England. "At this moment," he said, "we have several general officers gone or going home; and excepting myself and General Campbell, there is not one in the country who came out with the army. The consequence of the absence of some of them has been, that, in the late operations, I have been obliged to be general of cavalry and of

the advanced guard, and the leader of two or three columns, sometimes in the same day."

At home the press took up the case against the Duke, and denounced him. "He did not venture to risk a battle!" The House of Commons murmured. The Ministry wavered. Nevertheless, Wellington held on to his lines at Torres Vedras. He had only his English troops to support him, for the Portuguese did little or nothing. With regard to the charges made in the English press, he said, "I hope that the opinions of the people in Great Britain are not influenced by paragraphs in newspapers, and that those paragraphs do not convey the public opinion or sentiment on that subject. Therefore I (who have more reason than any other man to complain of libels of this description) never take the smallest notice of them, and have never authorised any contradiction to be given, or any statement to be made in answer to the innumerable falsehoods and the heaps of false reasoning which have been published respecting me and the orders which I have directed."

Wellington was most humane towards the people of the country through which he passed. The Spaniards feared their own troops more than the English. The Spaniards pillaged wherever they went, though this was forbidden to the English. Yet the latter were terribly hampered for money and means of transport. When Wellington's troops were in pursuit of Massena, the soldiers took some wood to burn from the grounds of a nobleman. With a generosity rare in the leaders of armies, the Duke paid out

of his own purse the cost of the wood which his poor soldiers had taken. "A regard," he said, "to the interests of the army, added to a feeling of pity for the unfortunate inhabitants, ought to prevent the wanton destruction of forage, and of everything else."

While the Spanish soldiers in various ways, and particularly after Talavera, exhibited a hostile feeling to the English, the Duke required that "the peaceable inhabitants should be treated with the utmost possible kindness." When the Spanish troops entered France, they immediately began murdering and plundering the inhabitants. On discovering this, the Duke immediately ordered them back to Spain, and fought the battle of Orthez without them. "I am not base enough to allow pillage," he said to Don Freyre. "If you wish your men to plunder, you must name some other commander."

His soldiers appreciated his unceasing efforts to better their condition ; and they were touched with his anxiety to save their blood. They admired his impartiality, his truthfulness, his justice, and his disinterestedness. He inspired the officers, as well as the soldiers, with unbounded confidence. He forgave far more men than he punished. It was necessary to keep up the discipline of the army, but he always took the most favourable view of those in error. When an officer behaved ill before the enemy, instead of handing him over to a court-martial he begged that the resignation of the unfortunate man might be accepted. "I prefer," he said, "letting him retire rather than to expose him to the world."

Wellington treated his subordinates with extreme politeness. He possessed in a high degree the calmness, urbanity, and charm of manner, which spring either from high birth or from a natural elevation of character. In his orders he never commands, he only entreats and requests. In his conversations with his officers he entreated them not to use harsh language to their inferiors. "Expressions of this sort," he said, are not necessary ; they may wound, but they never convince."

Though in the midst of war he had consideration for his men. Napier states that he saw the Duke in a passion of tears when after the assault of Badajoz, the report was made to him that upwards of 2000 men had fallen in that terrible night. When Dr. Hume entered the Duke's chamber on the morning of the 18th of June (1815) to make his report of the killed and wounded at the battle of Waterloo, he found him in bed asleep, unshaved and unwashed as he had lain down at night. When awoke, the Duke sat up in bed to hear the list read. It was a long one, and when the doctor looked up he saw Wellington with his hands convulsively clasped together, and the tears making long furrows on his battle-soiled cheeks.

Writing the same day to his friend Marshal Beresford, he said, "our losses quite prostrate me, and I am quite indifferent to the advantages we have gained. I pray God that I may be saved from fighting any more such battles, for I am broken-hearted with the loss of so many old friends and comrades." To Lord Aberdeen he said, "The glory of a triumph like this is no consolation to me." And

yet he had won a great battle, and the allies were in the glow of victory ! When riding over the field, and hearing the cries and groans of the wounded, the warrior gave vent to the lacerated feelings of the man in the memorable words, " I know nothing more terrible than a victory—except a defeat."

When afterwards addressing the House of Lords he said, " I am one of those who have probably passed more of their lives in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil wars, too ; and I must say this, that if I could avoid by any sacrifice whatever even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would *sacrifice my life* in order to do it."

The Duke was a most humane man. He protected the Spanish people against the cruelty of their own soldiers. He also protected his enemies. After the battle of Talavera the English came to blows with Cuesta's soldiers in order to prevent them killing or mutilating the wounded Frenchmen. A French author says, " we have too much respect for glory to withhold our admiration from Lord Wellington. Indeed we are touched, even to tears, when we see that great and venerated man promising, during our retreat in Portugal, two guineas for every French prisoner who should be brought in *alive*."

The whole of the Duke's career abounds in traits of this kind. In India he recovered and brought up the son of Doondiah, found lying among the wounded. He delivered many victims of the cruelty of the Spanish government. He protected with solicitude, against the fury of

the Portuguese soldiers, the wounded French, and such of the enemy's soldiers as the fortune of war threw into his hands after the evacuation of Oporto. "By the laws of war," he said, "they are entitled to my protection, which I am determined to afford to them." He permitted the French surgeons to attend to the sick of Soult's army, and to pass to and from the allied camp, with a safe-conduct.

He possessed the same sense of honour in dealing with the enemy. When it was proposed to him in India to end the war with Doondiah Waugh by a stroke of the poniard, he rejected the offer with contempt. And when there appeared a likelihood of a revolt of Soult's troops in Spain, and the Duke was asked to support it, he gave the same steady refusal. He considered it unworthy of himself and of the cause of which he was the champion, to obtain through a military revolt what ought to be the reward of ability and valour only.

When at Torres Vedras, the French general Massena was anxious to inspect the English lines. He advanced under one of the English batteries, and examined it with a glass resting upon a low garden wall. The English officers observed him, and although they might have overwhelmed the staff of the commander-in-chief by a general discharge of the guns, they only discharged a single shot in order to make him aware of his danger. The shot was discharged with such accuracy, that the wall was beaten down on which the general's glass rested. Massena understood the courteous notice. He saluted the battery, and remounting his horse, rode away.

It was the same with Wellington at Waterloo. While the Duke was watching the French formations, an officer of artillery rode up, and pointing to the place where Napoleon stood with his staff, observed, "that he could easily reach them, and had no doubt that he would be able to knock some of them over." "No, no," replied the Duke; "generals commanding armies in a great battle have something else to do than to shoot at each other."

After the fall of the empire, Wellington rejected with disdain the proposal to get rid of Napoleon by putting him to death. "Such an act," he said, "would disgrace us with posterity. It would be said of us, that we were not worthy to be the conquerors of Napoleon." To Sir Charles Stewart he wrote, "Blucher wishes to kill him; but I have told him that I will remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common concord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so vile a transaction; that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in those transactions to become executioners; and that I was determined that if the sovereigns wished to put him to death, they should appoint an executioner, which should not be I."

It was a strange return for his anxiety about the preservation of Napoleon's life, that the latter should have bequeathed a legacy of 10,000 francs to the wretched creature who made an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington!

The Duke was a man of truth, and he wished his subordinates to appear like himself. In 1809 he wrote to

General Kellerman, "When English officers give their parole that they will not attempt to escape, you may depend upon it that they will keep their word. I assure you that I should not hesitate to arrest and send back immediately to you, any who should act otherwise."

The Duke was a magnanimous man. Bribes could not buy him, nor threats annoy him. When a lower place was offered to him, he said, "Give me your orders, and you shall be obeyed." His obedience, rectitude, and fidelity were perfect. He thought nothing of himself, but of others. He was altogether devoid of envy. He never detracted from the fame of others in order to enhance his own. He was as careful of the reputation of his officers as he was of his own. When anything went wrong he took the entire fault upon himself. He possessed that firmness of conviction and grandeur of soul which could afford to despise injustice and calumny. When complimented by the municipality of Madrid, he took no credit for his own services, but observed that "the issues of war are in the hands of Providence."

But the greatest of all Wellington's characteristics was his abiding sense of Duty. It was the leading feature of his character—the one regal and commanding element that subordinated everything to itself. It was his constant desire and fixed determination faithfully to do whatever he saw to be his duty—to do so because it was his duty. He lived for one thing—to do his duty as a soldier—to do it with all his might, to do it at all hazards, to do it in the best possible way, to the utmost of his ability, to the

extent of his resources, and so as to secure ultimate success. It is instructive to observe what unity, simplicity, and strength, some one principle, clearly apprehended and consistently followed out, will impart to character. Brialmont, at the close of his life, says that "he was the grandest, because the truest man, whom modern times have produced. He was the wisest and most loyal subject that ever served and supported the British throne."

IV.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Men of great learning and talent, whom all people admire and praise, are often found to be more modest than persons of inferior qualities. Sir Isaac Newton, the eminent philosopher, was one of those great, and at the same time, modest men.

When he was a little boy at school, he surprised every one by the curious little machines which he made with his own hands. He had a number of saws, hatchets, hammers, and other tools, which he used very cleverly. A wind-mill being cut up near the place where he lived, he frequently went to look at it, and pried into every part of it, till he became thoroughly acquainted with it, and the way in which it moved. He then began with his knife, and saws, and hammer, and made a small wind-mill, exactly like the large one; it was a very neat and curious piece of workmanship.

As there was not always enough wind to turn his mill, he made a contrivance for having it turned by a mouse. This little animal being put inside a hollow wheel, its endeavours to get forward turned the wheel, and set the

machinery in motion. There was also some corn placed above the wheel, and when the mouse tried to get at the corn, it made the mill go round.

Having got an old box from a friend, he made it into a water-clock - that is, a clock driven by a slow fall of water. It was very like our common clock, but much shorter, being only about four feet high. There was a dialplate at the top, with figures of the hours. The hour-hand was turned by a piece of wood, which either fell or rose by water dropping upon it. This stood in the room where he lay, and he took care every morning to supply it with plenty of water. It pointed out the hours so well, that the people in the house would go to see what was the hour by it. It was kept in the house as a curiosity long after Isaac went to college. The room in which Isaac lodged was full of drawings of birds, beasts, men, ships, and mathematical figures, all neatly made upon the wall with charcoal.

When Isaac grew a little older and went to college, he had a great desire to know something about the air, water, the tides, and the sun, moon, and stars. One day, when he was sitting alone in his garden, an apple happened to fall from a tree to the ground. He then began to ask himself, what is the cause of the apple falling down? Is it from some power or force in the apple itself, or is the power in the earth which draws the apple down?

When he had long thought about this subject, he found out that it was the earth that attracted or drew the apple towards it, and that this power of attraction is one of the

universal laws of nature. By it, loose objects are retained upon the surface of the earth, instead of flying abroad through space. It is attraction which gives weight to objects ; hence it is sometimes called gravitation, which means nearly the same thing as weight.

Isaac Newton also discovered that all objects whatever have an attraction for each other, and always in proportion to their size, and the distance at which they are placed. Thus the moon, though a large globe, is subject to the attraction of the earth, and the planets are subject to the attraction of the sun. And it is by attraction that they are all made to keep their proper distances from each other. These discoveries were justly considered as among the most important ever made ; and reflecting men will ever venerate the name of Newton for his having made them.

Isaac Newton was also the first who showed that every ray of white light from the sun consist of seven different colours, and he made known many other curious and wonderful things which were never known before.

He was of a mild and equal temper, and was seldom or never seen in a passion. He had a little dog, which he called Diamond. There is a tradition that he was one day called out of his study, where all his papers and writings were lying upon a table. His dog happened to jump upon the table, and overturned a lighted candle, which set fire to his papers, and consumed them in a few moments. In this way he lost the fruit of the labours of many years. But when he came into his study, and saw what had happened, he did not strike the little dog, but only said,

“ Ah, Diamond, Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done ! ”

Though Isaac Newton was a very wise and learned man, he was not proud of his learning, but was very meek and humble. He was kind to all, even to the poorest and meanest men. Though he was wiser than most other men, yet he said, a little before he died, that all his knowledge was as nothing when compared with what he had yet to learn. He was sometimes so much engaged in thinking that his dinner was often three hours ready for him, before he could be brought to the table. He died in the year 1727, at the age of eighty-five.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

1.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 ‘ Life is but an empty dream ;’
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

2.

Life is real, life is earnest !
 And the grave is not its goal ;
 ‘ Dust thou art, to dust returnest,’
 Was not spoken of the soul.

3.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end or way ;
 But to act, that each tomorrow
 Find us farther than today.

4.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

5.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

6.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act—act in the living present,
Heart within and God o'erhead!

7.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

8.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

9.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

(*H. W. Longfellow*).

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCHYARD.

[The poet, seated one evening in the churchyard of a village, moralises on the life of the humble rustics, comparing and contrasting it with the fortunes of the rich and great. Thomas Gray, one of the most musical, and also tersest, of English poets, was born in 1716 and died in 1771.]

1.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
The lowing herd wind's slowly o'er the lea ;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds :
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

3.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantle tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5.

The breezy ^acell of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care,
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield :
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their teams a-field !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

8.

Let not ambition mock their honest toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

9.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

10.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

11.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

12.

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

13.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of their soul.

14.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene.
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
Or waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

17.

Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone
Their glowing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

18.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride.
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noisless tenour of their way.

20.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the tribute of a passing sigh.

21.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned—
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

23.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires :
 E'en from tomb the voice of Nature cries,—
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires !
(T. Gray.)

 THE AIR.

Enveloping this solid globe of ours are two oceans,
 one partial, the other universal. There is the ocean of

water, which has settled down into all the depressions of the earth's surface, leaving dry above it all the high lands, as mountain ranges, continents, and islands; and there is an ocean of air, which enwraps the whole in one transparent mantle. Through the bosom of that ocean, like fishes with their fins and whales with their flippers, birds and other winged creatures swim; whilst, like crabs and many shell-fish, man and other mammalia creep about at the bottom of this aerial sea.

The air-ocean, which everywhere surrounds the earth, and feeds and nourishes it, is even more simple, more grand, and more majestic, than the 'world of waters'; more varied and changeful in its moods of storm and calm, of ebb and flow, of brightness and gloom. The atmosphere is indeed a wonderful thing, a most perfect example of the economy of nature. Deprived of air, no animal would live, no plant would grow, no flame would burn, no light would be diffused. The air, too, is the sole medium of sound. Without it, mountains might fall, but it would be in perfect silence—neither whisper nor thunders would ever be heard.

The atmosphere is supposed to extend from the earth to a height of between forty and fifty miles. "It surrounds us on all sides, yet we see it not; it presses on us with a load of fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface of our bodies, or from seventy to one hundred tons on us in all, yet we do not so much as feel its weight. Softer than the softest down, more impalpable than the finest gossamer, it leaves the cobweb undisturbed, and scarcely stirs the

lightest flower that feeds on the dew it supplies ; yet it bears the fleets of nations on its wings around the world, and crushes the most refractory substances with its weight. When in motion, its force is sufficient to level the most stately forests and stable buildings with the earth—to raise the waters of the ocean into ridges like mountains, and dash the strongest ships to pieces like toys. It warms and cools by turns the earth and the living creatures that inhabit it. It draws up vapours from the sea and land, retains them dissolved in itself, or suspended in cisterns of clouds, and throws them down again as rain or dew when they are required. It bends the rays of the sun from their path, to give us the twilight of evening and of dawn ; it disperses and refracts their various tints to beautify the approach and retreat of the orb of day. But for the atmosphere, sunshine would burst on us and fail us at once, and at once remove us from midnight darkness to the blaze of noon. We should have no twilight to soften and beautify the landscape ; no clouds to shade us from the scorching heat, but the bald earth, as it revolved on its axis, would turn its tanned and weakened front to the full and unmitigated rays of the lord of day. It affords the gas which vivifies and warms our frames, and receives into itself that which has been polluted by us, and is thrown off as noxious. It feeds the flame of life exactly as it does that of the fire—it is in both cases consumed, and affords the food of consumption ; in both cases it becomes combined with charcoal which requires it for combustion, and is removed by it when this is over.”

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display ;
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

2.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And, nightly to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice, nor sound,
 Amidst their radiant orbs be found ?
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine."

(Addison).

THE RAMAYANA.

[The following brief account of the great Indian epic is taken from Mr. R. C. Dutt's "Ancient India."]

The Ramayana is popular and widely read by Hindus to the present day ; and thus the memory of the ancient civilisation which the early Hindus developed in the Gangetic states is still cherished in the recollections of their modern descendants. It is difficult to say which portions of the story of the Ramayana are based on facts' but as it reflects the manners and customs of the time, it should be told, however briefly, in a historical work.

Dasaratha, King of the Kosalas, had three queens honoured above others, of whom Kausaliya bore him his eldest son Rama ; Kaikeyi was the mother of Bharata, and Sumitra gave birth to Lakshmana and Satrugna. The young princes, according to the customs of the times, were versed in arms and also in the learning of the age, and Rama, the eldest born, was as pious and truthful as he was distinguished in feats of arms. Dasaratha in his old age had decided on making Rama the Yuvaraja or reigning prince ; but the beautiful Kaikeyi insisted that her son should be Yuvaraja, and the feeble old king yielded to the determined will of his wife.

Before this, Rama had won the daughter of Janaka, King of the Videhas, at a great assembly. Kings and warriors had gathered there to wield a heavy bow, which was the feat required to win the princess's hand, but Rama alone could lift it, and he bent it till it broke in twain.

And now, when the town of Ayodhya was ringing with joy at the prospect of the installation of Rama and his newly married consort, it was decided in Kaikeyi's chambers that her son Bharata must be Yuvaraja, and further that Rama must go into exile for fourteen years.

The duteous Rama submitted to his father's wishes. His faithful half-brother, Lakshmana, accompanied him, and the gentle Sita would not part from her lord. Amidst the tears and lamentations of the people of Ayodhya, Rama and Sita and Lakshmana departed from the city.

The old King Dasaratha did not long survive the banishment of his brave and beloved boy. A pathetic story is told that in his youth he had once gone out to hunt, and had accidentally shot a boy, and thus caused the death of an old and broken-hearted father. The curse of the dead man now had effect on Dasaratha with terrible severity, and the King of the Kosalas died in sorrow for his banished son.

Bharata now came to Rama in the wilderness, and implored him to return to Ayodhya as king. But the truthful Rama felt that the promise he had made to his father was not dissolved by his death, and he proceeded on his journey in the wilderness, directing Bharata to return and reign as king.

For thirteen years the banished prince wandered with his wife and his devoted brother in Dāndaka forest and towards the sources of the Godavari river. The whole of Southern India was then inhabited by non-Aryan aborigines. The poet has introduced them as monkeys and bears, and the non-Aryans of Ceylon are described as monsters.

Ravana, the monster-king of Ceylon, heard of the beauty of Sita, now dwelling in the wilderness, and in the absence of Rama took her away from her hut and carried her off to Ceylon. Rama obtained a clue of her after long search; he made alliances with the barbarian tribes of Southern India, and prepared to cross over to Ceylon and win back his wife.

A natural causeway runs nearly across the strait between India and Ceylon. The poet imagines that this causeway was constructed by Rama's army with huge boulders and rocks carried from the continent.

The army crossed over, and the town of Lanka was besieged. Chief after chief was sent out by Ravana to break through besiegers and disperse their forces, but they all fell in the war. At last Ravana himself came out, and was killed by Rama. Sita was recovered, and she proved her untainted virtue by throwing herself into a lighted pyre and coming out uninjured.

The fourteenth year of the exile being now passed, Rama and Sita returned to Ayodhya and ascended the throne; but the suspicions of the people fell on Sita, who could not, they thought, have returned untainted, and Rama bowed to the suspicions of the people and sent poor suffering Sita, with her unborn offspring, into exile.

Valmiki, a saint, and the reputed author of this epic, received her in his hermitage, and there her twin sons, Lava and Kusa, were born. Years passed by the twins' manly and warlike boys, proficient in arms, and Valmiki

composed the poem of the Ramayana, and taught the boys to repeat it.

Then Rama decided to celebrate the famous horse-sacrifice, as a token of his supreme sovereignty. A horse was sent out whom none might restrain without incurring the hostility of the great king of Ayodhya. The animal came as far as Valmiki's hermitage, and the spirited and playful boys caught it and detained it. Rama's guards in vain tried to recover the animal from the youthful warriors. At last Rama himself came and saw the princely boys, but did not know who they were. He heard his own deeds chanted by them, and it was in a passion of grief and repentance that he at last knew them and embraced them as his own sons.

But there was no joy in store for Sita. The people's suspicions could not be removed, and the earth, which had given poor Sita birth, yawned and received its long-suffering child. Sita in the Rig Veda is the field-furrow, worshipped as an agricultural deity; and the reader will see how this first conception of Sita still asserts itself in the Ramayana, in which she is described as born of earth, and received back into the earth. But this allegory is lost to the Hindus of the present times; to them she is an all-suffering, devoted, saint-like wife. To this day Hindus hesitate to call their children by the name of Sita; for if her gentleness, her virtue, her uncomplaining faith, and her unconquerable love to her lord were more than human, her sufferings and sorrows too were more than what usually fall to the lot of woman. There is not a

Hindu woman throughout the length and breadth of India to whom the story of the suffering Sita is not known, and to whom her character is not a model and a pattern ; and Rama too is a model to men for his faithfulness, his obedience and his piety.

(*R. C. Dutt.*)

TRUE GLORY.

To whom is glory justly due ?
 To those who pride and hate subdue ;
 Who, 'mid the joys that lure the sense,
 Lead lives of holy abstinence ;
 Who, when reviled, their tongues restrain,
 And injured, injure not again ;
 Who ask of none, but freely give
 Most liberal to all that live ;
 Who toil unresting through the day,
 Their parent's joy and hope and stay ;
 Who welcome to their homes the guest,
 And banish envy from their breast ;
 With reverent study love to pore
 On precepts of our sacred lore ;
 Who work not, speak not, think not sin,
 In body pure, and pure within ;
 Whom avarice can ne'er mislead,
 To guilty thought or sinful deed ;
 Those hero souls cast fear away
 When battling in a rightful fray ;

Who speak the truth with dying breath,
 Undaunted by approaching death,
 Their lives illumed with beacon light
 To guide their brother's steps aright ;
 Who loving all, to all endeared,
 Fearless of all, by none are feared ;
 To whom the world with all therein,
 Dear as themselves is more than kin ;
 Who yield to others, wisely meek,
 The honours which they scorn to seek ;
 Who toil that rage and hate may cease,
 And lure embittered foes to peace ;
 Who serve their God, the laws obey,
 And earnest, faithful, work and pray ;
 To these, the bounteous, pure, and true,
 Is highest glory justly due.

Mahabharata (Translated by Griffith.)

THE VOYAGE OF THE "BEAGLE."

[In the year 1832, Charles Darwin sailed with Captain Fitz-Roy in the "Beagle" on a voyage round the world which lasted until 1836. Some years later he published a history of this scientific expedition, with his observations in Natural History and geology, and interesting descriptions of all kinds. Some extracts from this Journal are here given.]

1. At the Cape-de-Verd islands, I was much interested, on several occasions, by watching the habits of an Octopus, or cuttle-fish. Although common in the pools

of water left by the retiring tide, these animals were not easily caught. By means of their long arms and suckers, they could drag their bodies into very narrow crevices ; and when thus fixed, it required great force to remove them. At other times they darted tail first, with the rapidity of an arrow, from one side of the pool to the other, at the same instant discolouring the water with a dark brown ink. These animals also escape detection by a very extraordinary chameleon-like power of changing their colour. They appear to vary their tints according to the nature of the ground over which they pass : when in deep water, their general shade was brownish-purple, but when placed on the land, or in shallow water, this dark tint changed into one of a yellowish-green. These changes were effected in such a manner, that clouds, varying between red and brown, were continually passing over the body. Any part, being subjected to a slight shock of galvanism, became almost black—a similar effect, but in a less degree, was produced by scratching the skin with a needle. These clouds, or blushes as they may be called, are said to be produced by the alternate expansion and contraction of minute vesicles containing variously coloured fluids.

This cuttle-fish displayed its chameleon-like power both during the act of swimming and whilst remaining stationary at the bottom. I was much amused by the various arts to escape detection used by one individual, which seemed fully aware that I was watching it. Remaining for a time motionless, it would then stealthily

advance an inch or two, like a cat after a mouse, sometimes changing its colour ; it thus proceeded till having gained a deeper part, it darted away, leaving a dusky train of ink to hide the hole into which it had crawled.

While looking for marine animals, with my head about two feet above the rocky shore, I was more than once saluted by a jet of water, accompanied by a slight grating noise. At first I could not think what it was, but afterwards I found out that it was this cuttle-fish, which, though concealed in a hole, thus often led me to its discovery. That it possesses the power of ejecting water there is no doubt, and it appeared to me that it could certainly take good aim. From the difficulty which these animals have in carrying their heads, they cannot crawl with ease when placed on the ground. I observed that

- one which I kept in the cabin was slightly phosphorescent in the dark.

2. At a village near the river Plata (in South America), we slept at a retired little country-house ; and there I soon found out that I possessed two or three articles, especially a pocket-compass, which created unbounded astonishment. In every house I was asked to show the compass, and by its aid, together with a map, to point out the direction of various places. It excited the liveliest admiration that I, a perfect stranger, should know the road (for direction and road are synonymous in this open country) to places where I had never been. If their surprise was great, mine was greater, to find such ignorance among people who possessed their thousands of

cattle, and " estancias " of great extent. It can only be accounted for by the circumstance that this retired part of the country is seldom visited by foreigners. I was asked whether the earth or sun moved ; whether it was hotter or colder to the north ; where Spain was, and many other such questions. The greater number of the inhabitants had an indistinct idea that England, London, and North America, were different names for the same place ; but the better informed well knew that London and North America were separate countries close together, and that England was a large town in London ! I carried with me some promethean matches, which I ignited by biting ; it was thought so wonderful that a man should strike fire with his teeth, that it was usual to collect the whole family to see it : I was once offered a dollar for a single one. Washing my face in the morning caused much speculation—a superior tradesman closely cross-questioned me about so singular a practice, and likewise why on board we wore our beards, for he had heard from my guide that we did so. It is the general custom in this country to ask for a night's lodging at the first convenient house. The astonishment at the compass, and my other feats in juggling, was to a certain degree advantageous, as with that, and the long stories my guides told of my breaking stones, knowing venomous from harmless snakes, collecting insects etc., I repaid them for their hospitality.

3. So many works have been written about these South American countries, that it is almost superfluous to describe either the lazo (lasso) or the bolas. The lazo

consists of a very strong, but thin, well-plaited rope, made of raw hide. One end is attached to the broad surcingle which fastens together the complicated gear of the saddle used in the Pampas; the other is terminated by a small ring of iron or brass, by which a noose can be formed. The Gaucho, when he is going to use the lazo, keeps a small coil in his bridle-hand, and in the other holds the running noose, which is made very large, generally having a diameter of about eight feet. This he whirls round his head, and by the dexterous movement of his wrist keeps the noose open; then, throwing it, he causes it to fall on any particular spot he chooses. The lazo, when not used, is tied up in a small coil to the after part of the saddle. The bolas, or balls, are of two kinds: the simplest, which is chiefly used for catching ostriches, consists of two round stones, covered with leather, and united by a thin plaited thong, about eight feet long. The other kind differs only in having three balls united by the thongs to a common centre. The Guacho holds the smallest of the three in his hand, and whirls the other two round and round his head, then, taking aim, sends them like chain shot revolving through the air. The balls no sooner strike any object, than, winding round it, they cross each other, and become firmly hitched. The size and weight of the balls vary, according to the purpose for which they are made; when of stone, although not larger than an apple, they are sent with such force as sometimes to break the leg even of a horse. I have seen the balls made of wood, and as large as a turnip, for the sake of catching three animals without

injuring them. The balls are sometimes made of iron, and these can be hurled to the greatest distance. The main difficulty in using either lazo or bolas is to ride so well as to be able at full speed, and while suddenly turning about, to whirl them so steadily round the head, as to take aim : on foot any person would soon learn the art. One day, as I was amusing myself by galloping and whirling the balls round my head, by accident the free one struck a bush ; and its revolving motion being thus destroyed, it immediately fell to the ground, and like magic caught one hind-leg of my horse ; the other ball was then jerked out of my hand, and the horse fairly secured. Luckily he was an old practised animal, and knew what it meant ; otherwise he would probably have kicked till he had thrown himself down. The Gauchos roared with laughter ; they cried out that they had seen every sort of animal caught, but had never before seen a man caught by himself.

4. We kept close to the shore of Tierra del Fuego, and in the afternoon we anchored in the Bay of Good Success. While entering we were saluted in a manner becoming the inhabitants of this savage land. A group of Fuegian partly concealed by the entangled forest, were perched on a wild point overhanging the sea ; and as we passed by, they sprang up and waving their tattered cloaks sent forth a loud and sonorous shout. The savages followed the ship, and just before dark we saw their fire, and again heard their wild cry. The harbour consists of a fine piece of water half surrounded by low rounded mountains, which are covered to the water's edge by one dense gloomy

forest. At night it blew a gale of wind, and heavy squalls from the mountains swept past us. It would have been a bad time out at sea, and we, as well as others, may call this Good Success Bay.

In the morning the captain sent a party to communicate with the Fuegians. When we came within hail, one of the four natives who were present advanced to receive us, and began to shout most vehemently, wishing to direct us where to land. When we were on shore the party looked rather alarmed, but continued talking and making gestures with great rapidity. It was without exception the most curious and interesting spectacle I ever beheld. I could not have believed how wide was the difference between savage and civilized man; it is greater than between a wild and domesticated animal, inasmuch as in man there is a greater power of improvement. The chief spokesman was old, and appeared to be the head of the family, the three others were powerful young men, about six feet high. The women and children had been sent away. These Fuegians are a very different race from the stunted, miserable wretches farther westward, and they seem closely allied to the famous Patagonians of the Straits of Magellan. Their only garment consists of a mantle made of guanaco skin, with the wool outside; this they wear just thrown over the shoulders. Their skin is of a coppery-red colour.

The old man had a fillet of white feathers tied round his head, which partly confined his black, coarse, and entangled hair. His face was crossed by two broad transverse bars; one, painted bright red, reached from ear

to ear and included the upper lip ; the other, white like chalk, extended above and parallel to the first, so that even his eyelids were thus coloured. The other two men were ornamented with streaks of black powder, made of charcoal. The party altogether closely resembled the devils which come on the stage in plays. Their very attitudes were abject, and the expression of their countenances distrustful, surprised, and startled. After we had presented them with some scarlet cloth, which they immediately tied round their necks, they became good friends. This was shown by the old man patting our breasts, and making a chuckling kind of noise, and this demonstration of friendship was repeated several times ; it was concluded by three hard slaps, which were given me on the breast and back at the same time. He then bared his bosom for me to return the compliment, which being done, he seemed highly pleased. The language of these people, according to our notions, scarcely deserves to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared it to a man clearing his throat, but certainly no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural, and clicking sounds.

They are excellent mimics : as often as we coughed or yawned, or made any odd motion, they immediately imitated us. Some of our party began to squint and look awry ; but one of the young Fuegians (whose whole face was painted black, excepting a white band across his eyes) succeeded in making far more hideous grimaces. They could repeat with perfect correctness each word in any sentence we addressed them, and they remembered

such words for some time. Yet we all know how difficult it is for us to distinguish apart the sounds in a foreign language. All savages appear to possess, to an uncommon degree, this power of mimicry. I was told, almost in the same words, of the same ludicrous habit among the Caffres : the Australians, likewise, have long been notorious for being able to imitate and describe the gait of any man, so that he may be recognised. How can this faculty be explained ? Is it a consequence of the more practised habits of perception and keener senses, common to all men in a savage state, as compared with those long civilised ? Their sight also was remarkably acute. It is well known that sailors, from long practice, can make out a distant object much better than a landsman, but they were much superior to any sailor on board ; several times they have declared what some distant object has been, and though doubted by every one, they have proved right, when it has been examined through a telescope.

5. We arrived in view of the Keeling or Cocos Islands, situated in the Indian Ocean, and about six hundred miles distant from the coast of Sumatra. This is one of the lagoon-islands (or atolls) of coral formation. The ring-formed reef of the lagoon-island is surmounted in the greater part of its length by linear islets. On the northern or leeward side, there is an opening through which vessels can pass to the anchorage within. On entering, the scene was very curious and rather pretty ; its beauty, however, entirely depended on the brilliancy

of the surrounding colours. The shallow, clear, and still waters of the lagoon, resting in its greater part on white sand, is, when illumined by a vertical sun, of the most vivid green. The brilliant expanse, several miles in width, is on all sides divided, either by a line of snow-white breakers from the dark heaving waters of the ocean, or from the blue vault of heaven by the strips of land, crowned by the level tops of the cocoa-nut trees. As a white cloud here and there affords a pleasing contrast with the azure sky, so in the lagoon, bands of living coral darken the emerald green water.

The next morning after anchoring, I went on shore on Direction Island. The strip of dry land is only a few hundred yards in width; on the lagoon side there is a white calcareous beach, the radiation from which under this sultry climate was very oppressive; and on the outer coast, a solid broad flat of coral-rock served to break the violence of the open sea. Excepting near the lagoon, where there is some sand, the land is entirely composed of rounded fragments of coral. In such a loose, dry, stony soil, the climate of the intertropical regions alone could produce a vigorous vegetation. On some of the smaller islets, nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which the young and full-grown cocoa-nut trees, without destroying each other's symmetry, were mingled into one wood. A beach of glittering white sand formed a border to these fairy spots. The cocoa-nut tree, at the first glance, seems to compose the whole wood; there are, however, five or six other trees. Besides the

trees, the number of plants is exceedingly small, and consists of insignificant weeds. I do not include in the above list the sugar-cane, banana, some other vegetables, fruit-trees, and imported grasses. As the islands consist entirely of coral, and at one time must have existed as mere water-washed reefs, all their terrestrial productions must have been transported here by the waves of the sea.

6. There is a crab which lives on the cocoa-nuts ; it is very common on all parts of the dry land, and grows to a monstrous size. The front pair of legs terminate in very strong and heavy pincers, and the last pair are fitted with others weaker and much narrower. It would at first be thought impossible for a crab to open a strong cocoa-nut covered with the husk ; but a friend assures me that he has repeatedly seen this effected. The crab begins by tearing the husk, fibre by fibre, and always from that end under which the three eye-holes are situated ; when this is completed, the crab commences hammering with its heavy claws on one of the eye-holes till an opening is made. Then turning round its body, by the aid of its hinder and narrow pair of pincers, it extracts the white substance. I think this is as curious a case of instinct as ever I heard of, and likewise of adaptation in structure between two objects apparently so remote from each other in the scheme of nature, as a crab and a cocoa-nut tree. These crabs inhabit deep burrows, which they hollow out beneath the roots of trees, and where they accumulate surprising quantities of the picked fibres of

the cocoa-nut husk, on which they rest as on a bed. The Malays sometimes take advantage of this, and collect the fibrous mass to use as junk. These crabs are very good to eat ; moreover, under the tail of the larger ones there is a great mass of fat, which, when melted, sometimes yields as much as a quart bottle full of limpid oil. It has been stated by some authors that this crab crawls up the cocoa-nut trees for the purpose of stealing the nuts. I very much doubt the possibility of this. (The fact has, however, since been verified.) It formerly abounded at Mauritius, but only a few small ones are now found there. In the Pacific this species, or one with closely allied habits, is said to inhabit a single coral island, north of the Society group. To show the wonderful strength of the front pair of pincers, I may mention that Captain Moresby confined one in a strong tin box, which had held biscuits, the lid being secured with wire, but the crab turned down the edges and escaped. In turning down the edges it actually punched many small holes quite through the tin !

7. After two days' tedious journey, it was refreshing to see in the distance the rows of poplars and willows growing round the village and river of Luxan (South America). Shortly before we arrived at this place, we observed to the south a ragged cloud of a dark reddish-brown colour. At first we thought that it was smoke from some great fire on the plains, but we soon found that it was a swarm of locusts. They were flying northward, and with the aid of a light breeze, they overtook us at a rate

of ten or fifteen miles an hour. The main body filled the air from a height of twenty feet, to that, as it appeared, of two thousand above the ground, "and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle," or rather, I should say, like a strong breeze passing through the rigging of a ship. When they alighted, they were more numerous than the leaves of the field, and the surface became reddish instead of being green : the swarm having once alighted, the individuals flew from side to side in all directions. Locusts are not an uncommon pest in this country : already during this season, several smaller swarms had come up from the south, where, as apparently in all other parts of the world, they are bred in the deserts. The poor cottagers in vain attempted by lighting fires, by shouts, and by waving branches to avert the attack. This species closely resembles, and perhaps is identical with, the famous locust of the East.

A SWARM OF LOCUSTS IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

The swarm grew and grew till it became a compact body as much as a furlong square, yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another out of the hot mould or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusky canopy, and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length the large innumerable mass was put into motion, and began its career, darkening the face of day. As became an instrument of divine power, it seemed to have no volition

of its own ; it was set off, it drifted with the wind, and thus made northward straight for Sicca. Thus they advanced, host after host, for a time wafted in the air, and gradually declining to the earth, while fresh hordes were carried over the first, and neared the earth, after a longer flight in their turn. For twelve miles they extended from front to rear, and the whizzing and hissing could be heard for twelve miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies, and was reflected from their quivering wings, and as they fell heavily earthward they seemed like the innumerable flakes of a yellow-coloured snow, and like snow did they descend, a living carpet or rather pall, upon fields, crops, gardens, groves, orchards, vineyards, olive-woods, orangeries, palm plantations, and the deep forest, sparing nothing within their reach, and where there was nothing to devour, lying helpless in drifts, or crawling forward obstinately, as they best might, with the hope of prey. They could spare their hundred thousand soldiers twice or thrice over and not miss them ; the masses filled the bottoms of the ravines and hollow ways, impeding the traveller as he rode forward on his journey, and trampled by thousands under his horses hoofs. In vain was all this overthrow and waste by the roadside, in vain all their loss in river, pond, and water-course. The poor peasants hastily dug pits and trenches as the enemy came on ; in vain they filled them from the wells or with lighted stubble. Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall ; they were lavish of their lives ; they

choked the flame and the water which destroyed them the while, and the vast living armament still swept on. They come up to the walls of Sicca and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay—they recover their footing, they climb up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments and the most private and luxurious chambers; not one or two like stragglers at forage or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle and with the array of an army. Choice plants or flowers, myrtles, oranges, pomegranates, the rose and the carnation, have disappeared. They dim the bright marbles of the walls and the gildings of the ceilings. They enter the triclinium in the midst of the banquet, they crawl over the viands and spoil what they do not devour. Unrelaxed by success and enjoyment, onward they go. A secret mysterious instinct keeps them together as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the floor, so true are their lines and so perfect the pattern they describe. Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the baker's stores, to the cookshops, to the confectioners, to the druggists—nothing comes amiss to them; wherever man has ought to eat or drink there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest.

(J. H Newman.)

AN EASTERN MISCELLANY.

(A collection of short stories or fables, drawn from many sources.)

1. *Exercise*.—A king had long languished under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method : He took a hollow ball of wood, and filled it with several drugs ; after which he closed it up so artificially that nothing appeared. He likewise took a mallet, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which strikes the ball, he enclosed in them several drugs after the same manner as in the ball itself. He then ordered the Sultan, who was his patient, to exercise himself early in the morning with these rightly prepared instruments, till such time as he should sweat. When, as the story goes, the virtue of the medicaments perspiring through the wood, had so good an influence on the Sultan's constitution, that they cured him of an indisposition which all the compositions he had taken inwardly had not been able to remove. This allegory is finely contrived to show us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exercise is the most effectual physic.

(Addison.)

2. *Observation*.—A dervish was journeying alone in a desert, when two merchants suddenly met him : "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied : "Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg ?" said the dervish. "He was," replied the merchants. "Had he not lost a front tooth ?"

said the dervish. "He had," rejoined the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?" "Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him." "My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you." "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?" "I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish. On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the *cadi*, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him, either of falsehood or of theft. They then were about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish with great calmness thus addressed the court:—"I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone; and I can find ample scope for observation even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to

that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

(*Colton's Lacon.*)

3. *The Importance of Trifles.*—The importance of small things has been pointed out by philosophers over and over again from Æsop downwards. "Great without small makes a bad wall," says a quaint Greek proverb, which seems to go back to Cyclopean times. In an old Hindoo story Ammi says to his son, "Bring me a fruit of that tree and break it open. What is there?" The son said, "Some small seeds." "Break one of them and what do you see?" "Nothing, my lord." "My child," said Ammi, "where you see nothing there dwells a mighty tree."

4. *Kindness to Animals.*—In the Mahabharata, the great Indian Epic, when the family of Pandavas, the heroes, at length reach the gates of heaven, they are welcomed themselves, but are told that their dog cannot come in. Having pleaded in vain, they turn to depart, as they say that they can never leave their faithful companion. Then at the last moment the Angel at the door relents, and their Dog is allowed to enter with them.

5. *Idleness.*—There is a Turkish proverb that the Devil tempts the busy man, but the idle man tempts the Devil. "I remember," says one, "a satirical poem, in which the Devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his bait to the tastes and temperaments of his prey; but the

idlers were the easiest victims, for they swallowed even the naked hook.

6. *Effect of Company.*—Saadi writes : One day a piece of scented clay came to me from the hand of a friend. I said to it. ‘Art thou musk, that I am so charmed with thy sweet scent?’ It answered, ‘I was a worthless piece of clay; but having, for a long time, kept company with the rose, I partook of its fragrance. Otherwise, I am the same vile piece of clay as at first.’

In illustration of the baneful influence of evil companions, a story is told of two parrots who lived near to each other. The one was accustomed to repeat pious sayings, while the other was addicted to profane swearing. The owner of the latter obtained permission for it to associate with the former, in the hope that its bad habit would be corrected; but, sad to relate, the opposite result followed, for both learned to swear alike.

The chameleon assumes the colour of the tree on which it remains for any length of time. Sometimes it will appear brown, at other times grey, while among the springing corn it will turn quite green. Such is the effect of companionship on the human heart.

7. *Perseverance.*—Timur was a king of most resolute mind, and never drew back from accomplishing any task to which he had put his hand. He would encourage his companions at times of difficulty by relating a story of his earlier days. Once, he said, in despair of eluding the force of his enemies he entered a ruinous building and

remained there alone for some hours. To wile away the time he occupied himself in watching the efforts of an ant, which was endeavouring to carry a grain of corn, seemingly heavier than itself, to the top of a wall. He had the curiosity to count the number of attempts the invincible little creature made. Sixty-nine times the grain fell to the ground, but at the seventieth time the ant succeeded in carrying it to its destination. He was encouraged by this example and never forgot the lesson in after years.

8. *A good Queen*—Indore, which was formerly a mere village, became a city in the time of Ahalya Bai, who was in every way a well-wisher of her subjects, and regarded their welfare as her own. She was very charitable; in winter she distributed blankets and clothes and as far as possible fed the hungry in her state. A small instance of her kindliness of heart is that she used to employ men to feed fish in the river, and bought fields of ripe corn to regale the birds. The strength of her intelligence and the excellent management of her property are evinced by the fact that she put an end to the violence and depredations of the Bhils, who had made the roads almost impassable. She arranged that the Bhils should take a small tribute of a pice on each bullock from the traders, and themselves guard the highways from robbers, and if anyone were plundered in their beat they were to compensate the loser, or receive due punishment in default. From that time robbery entirely ceased in the jungles and mountainous parts of her kingdom.

9. *True Conquest.*—It is recorded of a Chinese emperor, that on being informed of an enemy having raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces, he said to his officers, "Come follow me, and we will quickly destroy them." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted upon his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge, but were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "How!" cried the prime minister, "is this the manner in which you fulfil your promises? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed; and, behold, you have pardoned them all, and even caressed some of them!" "I promised," replied the emperor, "to destroy my enemies; I have fulfilled my word, for see, they are enemies no longer—I have made friends of them."

10. *Evil Report.*—Once some perfume-sellers brought perfumes for sale to a king. The king bought some, but out of what he had purchased one drop fell to the ground, and the king hastily tried to take it up with his finger from the floor. This action of the king's was considered very mean by his ministers and the other persons present, including the sellers of perfume. In order to remove the impression from men's minds, the ministers afterwards purchased many thousand rupees' worth of perfumes and had it sprinkled over the royal stables, in order to augment their master's fame for generosity. Nevertheless the story of the drop of scent travelled to many countries through these strangers, and established the king's reputation for

illiberality. Hence arose the proverb, 'The drop has gone to a foreign country.'

11. *Wisdom in Justice*.—A rich man had lost a considerable sum of money, which was sewn up in a cloth. He made known his loss, and promised a reward of a hundred rupees to any one who should find and return the bag of money. After a time, an honest man sought him out and told him, "I have found your money : take it back." The rich man counted the money, and began to consider how he might avoid giving the promised reward. "My good friend," said he at last, "the bag contained exactly 800 rupees ; I find only 700. You must have opened it, and taken out your hundred rupees, and then sewn it up again." The matter was referred to a judge, who gave the following order : "This man, says he, has lost a bag containing 800 rupees, but the one which has been found contains only 700. Therefore it cannot be the same bag. The person who found it must keep it until it is claimed by the man who lost a bag containing 700 rupees.

12. *The Same Subject*.—A certain man lost a purse of gold in his house. He gave information to a magistrate, who summoned all the inmates of the house, and gave to each a stick of equal length, saying, "The thief's stick will be found an inch longer than the others." He then dismissed them all. The man who had committed the theft was alarmed, and made his stick an inch shorter. The next day the judge called them all together again, and, on examining the rods, easily discovered the thief, to whom punishment was promptly administered.

13. *The Just King*.—One of the Kings of Persia, when hunting, was desirous of eating some venison. Some of his attendants went to a neighbouring villlage, and took away a quantity of salt to season it ; but the king suspecting how they had acted, ordered them immediately to go and pay for it. Then, turning to his attendants, he said, “ This is a small matter in itself, but a great one as regards me ; for a king ought ever to be just, because he is an example to his subjects ; and if he swerve in trifles, they will become dissolute. If I cannot make all my people just in small things, I can at least show them that it is possible to be so.”

14. *The Harvest of Deeds*.—One day the master of Lukman said to him, “ go into such a field and sow barley.” Lukman went and sowed oats instead. At the time of harvest his master went to the place, and seeing the oats growing, asked him, “ Did I not tell you to sow barley here ? Why then have you sown oats ? ” He answered, “ I sowed oats in the hope that barley would grow up.” His master said ; “ What foolish idea is this ? Have you ever heard of the like ? ” Lukman replied, “ You yourself, master, are constantly sowing in the field of the world the seeds of evil, and yet expect to reap the rewards of virtue. Therefore I thought also I might get barley by sowing oats.” The master was abashed at the reply, and set Lukman free from his servitude.

15. *Parable of the Camel*.—The Arabs have a fable of a man who was startled one day by a camel’s nose being thrust into the tent where he lay asleep. “ It is very cold

outside," said the camel, "I only want to get my nose in." The man was of an easy temper, and rather sleepy, so the nose was let in. Soon afterwards the camel said, "Let me get my neck in." This also was done. Then the camel gained permission to have his forefeet in the tent, and so, little by little, got in his whole body. The man quickly began to find his companion very troublesome, for the tent was not large enough for both. When he complained to the camel, he received for answer. "If you do not like it, you may leave; as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

16. *Concentration and Attention.*—One day, Drona wished to examine his pupils. He was the teacher of the Bharata princes, whose capital city was Hastinapur. For years Drona had been giving lessons to the royal youths, and had brought them to a wonderful state of proficiency. But though all the princes were skilful, one, Arjuna by name, far eclipsed his brethren, and was the joy of his old teacher's heart. Drona, as we said, one day gathered his pupils together, and declared that he wanted to test their abilities. Fixing an artificial vulture on the top of a neighbouring tree, he said, "Children, take up your bows quickly, and stand here aiming at that bird on the tree, with arrows fixed on your bow strings; shoot and cut off the bird's head as soon as I give the order. I shall give each of you a turn." Yudisthira, the eldest, was the first to step forward, and stood aiming at the bird as his preceptor directed. Then came the question: "Dost thou behold, O prince, that bird on the top of the tree?" "I do," was the answer. But when asked again, "What dost thou see now? Seest

thou the tree, myself, or thy brothers? "Yudisthira replied, "I see the tree, thyself, my brothers, and the bird." And no matter how often the question was asked, the same answer was given by the prince, until the preceptor was annoyed, and said sharply. "Stand thou aside, thou canst not hit the bird." Then the other princes, except Arjuna, were called forward, but in every case the same reply was given: "We see the tree, thyself, our fellow-pupils, and the bird. At last came the turn of Arjuna, and Drona looking upon him smilingly said, "By thee must the bird be hit. Get ready; but first tell me, see'st thou the bird there, the tree, and myself?" And Arjuna replied, "I see the bird only, but not the tree or thyself." Then the preceptor laughed, and pleasantly asked again. "If thou seest the vulture, then describe it to me." And Arjuna answered, "I only see the head of the vulture, which thou hast commanded me to hit, and not its body." At these words Drona was beside himself with pride in his pupil's skill. "Shoot!" he cried. "Shoot!" And the sharpened shaft from the young man's bow went straight to its mark, and down upon the ground fell the head of the vulture. Arjuna was declared the prince of archers, and Drona vowed that no living being should surpass Arjuna in skill.

17. *Presence of Mind.*—Tomyas was a king's Councillor and was a man famous for many things, especially for his cleverness in escaping from dangers and difficulties. One day he was seated on the roof of his house enjoying the cool evening breeze when a madman, who had secretly

found entrance to his dwelling, suddenly appeared before him, shouting to him and ordering him to leap down that moment from the roof. Tomyas recognised him for a madman, having several times seen him at the house of the physician who was treating him, but Tomyas was too aged to attempt to overpower the man. He perceived that the only way to save his life was by diverting the madman from his purpose by some means. He therefore expressed his willingness to leap from the roof, but suggested that it would be better to begin by throwing down a cat which was sitting near, to see which way the cat jumped, and dispose himself accordingly. The mad man was highly delighted with this idea, and having caught the animal, he threw it down. Cats can fall a great distance without much injury, and this particular one having reached the ground ran away unhurt. Then Tomyas told the mad man to go downstairs quickly to catch the cat and throw it down again, so that this time it should not escape so easily. As soon as the lunatic started off after the cat, Tomyas with great joy seized the opportunity of fastening his doors and preventing the madman's return.

INDIAN SCENES.

I.—THE GAIRSOPPAH FALLS.

This morning we were astir before daybreak, and I sallied down in the direction of the stream, and crossing some ledges of rock, looked over the edge of a chasm 890 feet deep, over which the river Gairsoppah leaped at one immense bound. Strange to say, this extraordinary fall

only became known to Europeans forty years ago, and so little is it still known that even in Bombay I could not find anyone who could tell me where it was, while the name is not known in Europe. (This was written in 1863); yet the scene I have witnessed to-day is one of the most sublime in the world.

The bed of the river is cloven at this place right across by an awful precipice, nearly one thousand feet in perpendicular height, and over this gigantic cliff the waters of the river tumble into a black abyss. The rock is scooped out below by the action of the water, so that at some places the edge of the precipice overhangs the gulf, and you can lie on the ledge and look sheer down into the tremendous gulf beneath. I have seen no work of nature in any part of the world more marvellous than this prodigious chasm. The natural scenery of Niagara is not to be compared with it. The height of the cliff there is 160 feet, but here it is between 800 and 900 feet. The gorge through which the waters run below the falls of Niagara is about 300 feet deep, but the ravine of the Gairsoppah is one thousand feet, and this continues for miles below the falls. The only element wanting to put this spectacle above Niagara is an equal volume of water; but at this season of the year the stream is very small, not greater, I imagine, than an average English river, while the St. Lawrence is a perfect sea of water. Indian rivers always run very low in the dry season, for hardly any rain falls for several months, and this is the case just now; but in the monsoon as much rain falls in a month as in England during a whole year,

and the rivers are swollen immensely. Judging from the dry bed of this river, its breadth must then be half a mile, or nearly so, and the depth of the current at the centre, as it breaks over the fall, from five to ten feet of solid thickness. Now conceive this body of water leaping down nearly one thousand feet, and you have a picture of this cataract at its best. I have little doubt that it would then eclipse Niagara in grandeur.

But even now it is a wonderful sight. The water descends in three separate spouts. The central one slides obliquely about half way down the cliff, then leaps sheer off into the gulf below. The second jet springs right off the ledge, and does not touch the rock till it falls in feathery spray into the depth beneath. The third stream of water falls over a perpendicular cliff, but is torn into fragments by projecting points, and reaches the bottom like a silvery mist. The black pool below is said to be 300 feet deep, scooped out by the force of the descending flood.

We spent the forenoon in looking over the top ledge. I dropped stones into the pool and counted ten clear seconds before I saw the tiny splash.

The afternoon we spent in examining the fall from beneath. We descended the precipice by a rude footpath of stones, and reached a platform near the bottom, where we had a splendid view of the wreaths of spray. The bright rays of the sun shone through the vapour and painted it with a beautiful bar of rainbow hue ; but we were ambitious to get to the very bottom of the fall, and

the footpath went no further ; so we had to scramble over the roughest ground imaginable--immense boulders of rock were piled on one another, and on these we clambered on hands and knees ; those near the fall were covered with slippery slime, and the labour of getting over them was excessive. At other places we had to force our way through thickets of brushwood that had never been pierced by man, keeping a careful eye on the caverns around, lest some beast of prey should be lurking there.

II.

THE KUMAUN HIMALAYAS.

The outer Himalayan range, with a height of 5,000 to 8,500 feet, rises abruptly from the lower plain, and then sinks sharply to the north into deep and narrow valleys. Here the clouds rising from the ocean first strike the mountain barrier and produce an excessive rainfall, the general average being from 80 to 90 inches, all concentrated within little more than a quarter of the year. There is little arable soil, and the climate, except on the breezy heights, is malarious and unhealthy ; population is scanty, and the country is mostly covered with dense forest. Behind these heights are lower hills and wider valleys, receiving a rainfall little more than half that of the outer barrier. Here population is more dense and cultivation more extensive. Behind these, again, are the giant peaks and higher valleys, which during the winter are impassable from snow, and in the summer are inhabited by a scanty nomadic population of cowherds, woodcutters, and traders with Tibet, who bring from Tibet

wool and borax, and take back in exchange salt, cloth, and metals, which are hauled up with infinite labour to these higher levels from the marts in the lower country.

The scenery is everywhere beautiful in the extreme. No one who has ever seen them will forget the view of the snows at sunrise and sunset, as they glow with all the tints of opal and of pearl against the northern sky. Heber writes of the view from Bareilly: "The nearer hills are blue, and in outline and tints resemble pretty closely, at this distance, those which close in the valley of Clwyd (in Wales). Above them rose what might, in the present unfavourable atmosphere, have been taken for clouds, had not their seat been so stationary, and their outline so harsh and pyramidical, the patriarchs of the continent, perhaps the surviving ruins of a former world, white and glistening as alabaster, and even at this distance, probably 150 miles, towering above the nearer and secondary range, as much as these last are above the plain on which we are standing. I felt intense awe and delight in looking on them; but the clouds closed in again and left us but the former grey cold horizon, girding in the green plain of Rohilkhand, and broken only by scattered tufts of pipal and mango trees."

Reaching the heights themselves, the view is not less beautiful. From the top of Cheena, which rises over the lake and station of Naini Tal, we look over the lovely wooded mountains of the Gagar range, clothed thick with oak and pine, mingled with the gorgeous flowers of the rhododendron, and thence to the forest of the Bhabar,

which lies almost at our feet ; beyond it the swamps of the Tarai, and then in the dim distance the green plain of Rohilkhand. Turning to the north we have a scene which only a poet or painter could depict—a chaotic mass of mountains, thickly wooded hill sides seamed with deep ravines, dark blue ranges piled one behind another ; and, as a background to the landscape, the immense snowy peaks, never trodden by the foot of man ; the evening falls and they fade slowly into the darkening sky, peopled by innumerable stars.

So from Mussoorie, as the mists dissolve from the lowlands, we have an unrivalled panorama of wood and silver streams encircled by rocky or forest-covered hills, now glowing with the amber tints that accompany the fall of the leaf, now at night lit by the fierce glare of a jungle fire, and here and there in the distance the emerald green of rice or wheatfields. Grandeur still is the first burst of the monsoon, when the water-laden clouds from the ocean impinge on the mountain barrier and pour a deluge over the lower hills, setting every rivulet in flood, and sometimes bearing down the wooded hill sides in a chaos of ruin. By and by the damp billows of fog roll up from the valley and shroud the landscape in an impenetrable pall of vapour.

All this, to the Hindu of the plains, is the land of myth and mystery, associated with the most ancient and sacred traditions of his race. Here live his deities, each in a paradise, of his own, on the summits of the trackless peaks. Here the Pandavas sought a way to heaven

amidst the eternal snows, and in dark caves and secluded hermitages the sages of the old world puzzled over the secrets of life and time. In sequestered valleys, deep amid the bosom of the hills, were shrines, like Kedarnath and Badarinath, which were far beyond the range of the Pathan and Mughal who raided in the plain below ; here for many ages the indigenous Hindu civilisation was permitted to develope, safe from foreign influence. Every rock and spring and stream is the home of some legend told by the forefathers of the people. Beyond the eternal hills lay Uttara Kuru, the paradise of the faithful :—

“ Where falls not hail nor rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns.”

(W. Crooke, “*The N.-W. Provinces of India.*”)

A PERSIAN GARLAND.

FROM THE GULISTAN AND BUSTAN OF SAADI.

I.

How Saadi came to write the Gulistan.

1.

I sought one night my couch of wonted rest,
But could not sleep, by torturing thoughts distressed
Of life swift gliding by and wasted years :
My cheeks were wet with unavailing tears.

2.

O sad for him whose sands of time are run,
To leave a noble task but half begun,
A heavenly treasure wantonly despised,
And powers of glorious song unrealised !

3.

Hark, drowsy soul, the drums are beating loud ;
 The host of God sweeps by to battle proud,
 While thou, with bootless haste, within the gate
 Art rolling up thy load alas, too late !

4.

The morning breaks, and lo ! across the plain
 The caravan spreads out its lengthening train;
 But thou, enamoured of ignoble sleep,
 Art left behind, to wake anon and weep.

5.

Like summer snow upon the mountain's brow,
 Thy fleeting life dissolves apace, and now,
 How few remain that thou mayst call thine own—
 The vanished years, the years for ever flown !

The longest night will wear away,
 How dark soe'er it be,
 And hearts awaking greet the day,
 From sorrow's weight set free :—
 The air is mild, the season spring,
 Sweet blossoms scent the air ;
 The birds in joyous chorus sing
 Untouched with thought or care ;
 The rose with pearly drops bedewed,
 Like lovely chiding maid,
 • Whose smiles and tears appear at feud
 On blushing cheek displayed.

Fair day, so tender, bright and calm—
 My heart's dear friend and I
 Enjoy its soul refreshing balm,
 As on the grass we lie,
 Within a garden where a brook
 Through flowery thicket glides :
 The livelong day in leafy nook
 My heart with his abides ;
 And as the evening shadow falls,
 And home we take our road,
 With thought to deck his chamber's walls,
 My comrade plucks a load
 Of roses, yellow, white, and red,
 And lilies of the vale,
 With herbs that fragrant odours shed,
 And tender blossoms pale.
 Then, seeing with what fond delight
 He gazes on their bloom—
 Frail treasures, that to piteous blight
 A few short hours will doom---
 A sudden thought inspires my breast ;
 I turn to him and say
 ' Companion of my soul, 'twere best,
 Ere ends life's little day,
 For thee a garden fair were dressed
 Of flowers that bloom for aye,
 Which neither stormy autumn blast
 Nor frost shall e'er despoil,
 Whose roses shall unwithered last,
 And conquering Time shall foil.

All beauteous things from Fate shall win
 A respite from decay ;
 The charm of flowers shall dwell therein,
 No more to fade away :
 There music's softest, sweetest chords
 Shall haunt the glowing page,
 All gemmed with wizardry of words,
 To live from age to age.'

My friend beloved the secret knows
 How thus the task began—
 The immortal Garden of the Rose,
 My lovely Gulistan !

(From the Bustan.)

II.

The Poet's Invitation.

List to Saadi's counsel sage,
 Nor from it depart ;
 Linger o'er his storied page
 With a thoughtful heart :
 He will teach you how to live,
 Teach you how to die :
 Tender conscience he will give,
 Thoughts devout and high ;
 Singing not of love's delight,
 Nor of ladies fair,
 Flowing tresses dark as night,
 Eyes and features rare :
 Other bards may chaunt of those—
 Saadi, earnest souled,

Woos the spiritual rose
Its sweetness to unfold.

(*Bustan.*)

III.

The Vision.

A certain king of Khurásán beheld
At dead of night Mahmūd Sabaktagin,
That mighty lord (a hundred years deceased);
His frame appeared all ruined and decayed,
All save his eyes, that in the sockets burned
And evermore revolved. The king awoke,
Summoned his counsellors, the riddle told,
But none could rede it, till a dervish came,
Amid the torches' glare, none knew from whence,
A poor, wild man—and thus the dream resolved :—
“The monarch's eyes still turn, for that his realm
Hath passed to others. Ay, and many a king,
Famous as he, is dead and in the dust,
And not a bone is left the hungry earth
Hath not devoured. Wherefore, my lord the King,
Set not thy heart on aught that fading fast
Leaves but the passion of a vain desire.
The happy name of Naushirvan the Just
Still lives on human lips from age to age.
Do good, O man ! Count life a sacred prize,
Ere voices shall be heard, ‘He is no more.’ ”

(*Gulistan.*)

IV.

The Epitaph.

1.

A noble of the antique Persian age
Had lost a son, his only hope and heir :
To mourn is not unworthy of a sage ;
He mourned, yet showed withal a patience rare.

2.

Seated around him, 'neath the blossoming boughs,
His friends enquired. " What words upon the tomb
Wouldst thou inscribe ? " Thus spake they to arouse
His musing thoughts, immersed in silent gloom.

3.

Slowly he answered, and a tender light
Softened the shadow of his mournful eyes :
" I prize not much these monuments bedight
With flattering odes and laboured elegies.

4.

" Nor is it meet the words of Holy Writ.
To inscribe where they will soon be worn away
By storms and seasons and the hurrying feet
Of careless men or children at their play.

5.

" Let it be something simple, heartfelt, true,
And like himself (O darling of my soul !)—
If some memorial to his dust be due,
This shall be written on the sculptured scroll :—

6.

"Thou know'st, dear friend, my heart was ever gay
To see the year's first flowers above the ground :
Each spring come, linger by this grassy mound,
And see them growing from my quiet clay." "

(Gulistan.)

V.

Independence.

Of Hatim Tai, most generous of men,
One asked if e'er a nobler than himself
Had crossed his path. "Yea, truly," he replied,
"One day when I had sacrificed a train
Of forty camels, and to all my tribe
Had spread the feast, I wandered forth alone
Upon the desert's border. There I met
A son of labour, with a load of thorns :
"Friend, goest thou not to Hatim's festival,"
I cried, "where all are gathering around
The well-spread carpet?" "Nay," that sturdy soul
Gave answer, with a cheery smile, "not I !
He that can eat the bread of honest toil
Need ask no alms of Hatim Tai !"
"That man
I aye shall deem far greater than myself."

(Gulistan.)

VI.

A Lesson.

Quoth once a son unto his sire,
With Youth's censorious air,
"My ears these fluent preachers tire,
Their maxims sound so fair—

But in the world their daily walk
 Is level with the rest ;
 No impress from their empty talk
 I find within my breast.
 They cry, ' Dear friends, the world forsake,
 Forsake its baneful lust !'
 Yet with both hands I see them take
 And gather up its dust."

The father answered, " O my son,
 That subtle pride beware !
 Not thus the ascension is begun
 Of wisdom's climbing stair ;
 For while a teacher without fault
 You seek, and seek in vain,
 In virtue's onward path you halt,
 And no advancement gain.
 God's precious wares are only bought
 At price of heart's desire.
 Beyond the creature let your thought
 To Him, to Him aspire !
 Shall Heaven no blessings on thee rain
 Because weak man will err ?
 Thy life produce no golden grain
 Since other's fields are bare ?
 Nay, learn betimes in days of youth
 This art to practise still :—
 Pass by the false ; the wholesome truth
 Embrace with right good will."

(*Gulistan.*)

VII.

The Wrestler.

1.

Wending his daily path, a reverend sage
Noted a wrestler, huge of bulk and thews,
In frenzied wrath and dumb with purple rage,
Who faltering strove his puny foet' abuse.

2.

The wise man stood, and thus did moralise :—
This fellow who can lift a massy rock,
What hath he of a hero save his size,
What manly virtue lives in such a block ?—

3.

One whom a single word can render weak,
Whose joints a paltry lad can so unstring
That there he stands devoid of power to speak,
Nor patience owns to bear a jest's small sting !

4.

True strength is of the soul, and he is strong
Who learns to suffer with a quiet mind,
With a great heart to bear a little wrong,
To erring weakness pitying and kind.

5.

If thou canst fell an ox, 'tis trifling boast
To drive thy fist against a brother's eye ;
His trespass to forgive would grace thee most ;
To win his love were noblest victory !

(Gulistan.)

VIII.

The Warrior of Ispahan.

There came a horde from Tartary unnumbered as the
stars,
Like reeds beside the water rose their spears, with crim-
son bars
Of banners interspersed : they stretched as far as eye
could see,
And darkly bore across the plain their barbarous chivalry.
Nine times with thundering onset I stirred the battle-
dust ;
The foemen blenched, they fell apart where'er my lance
was thrust ;
The armies clashed together, and all darkened grew the
air,
While scimetars made lines of light outgleaming here
and there.
Our horses slain beneath us, then on foot with shield
to shield
We stood and fought, a single step our hearts disdained
to yield —
But what avails the hero's might, the hero's ardent soul,
When o'er his head with altered doom the stars ad-
versely roll !
They ringed us round, each man of us all streaming
with his blood,
Still battled on till strength was spent to stem the pour-
ing flood.
Ah brother, then, and not till then, our courage ebbed
away,

And on the foe we turned our back, that dark and dreadful day.

We parted from each other's side, and strove which way to flee :

And now the broken man of war thus fallen you may see.

Not thus I once appeared to sight, but Fate's decree went forth,

And like the morning dew dissolved our haughty pride and worth.

(*Bustan.*)

IX.

The Orphan.

1.

Shelter him whose sire is dead ;

On his lonely pathway greet ;

Bid him rest his weary head ;

Pluck the thorns from out his feet.

2.

He hath none to hear his sighs

When his thoughts grow sad and wild.

O, before the orphan's eyes

Spare to kiss thy darling child.

3.

Me a father's tender care

Cherished in my early date ;

In his bosom me he bare,

Happy all the day I sate,

Free from every sorrow there,

Crowned with love I held my state.

4.

Yet it was my lot to mourn
All too soon beside his bier.
Reft of comfort and forlorn
Oft I shed the childish tear.

5.

Who that desert way hath trod,
For the orphan pity keeps.
Yes, beware ! the throne of God
Is shaken when an orphan weeps.

(Bustan.)

X.

A Song of Spring.

'Twixt the darkness and the glory of the morning,
When a breeze springs up to greet the mystic light,
O how glad the heart awakes in vernal season,
And the desert's skirts are pleasant to the sight !
Sufi, leave thy cloister, forth into the garden ;
'Tis no time to muse within monastic walls.
They have come again, the roses, lovely roses !
Hark ! the nightingale his passion now recalls.
Hear the universal song of God's creation,
If the heart be still alive within thy breast.
Hill and plain and leafy bower are all at worship ;
Wilt thou not adore His greatness like the rest ?
Or is all this glory but a blurred confusion,
And thyself a soulless image of decay ?
Ah, if earthly beauty leave thee blind, unfeeling,
Nor reveal the soul Divine, O dreamer, say,
How wilt thou behold Him in the great Tomorrow,
If thou seest not the vision of Today ?

XI.

Abraham and the Fire-worshipper.

They tell how once, for seven weary days,
 To Abram's tent (on whom be endless praise !)
 No traveller came, to cheer his lonely state ;
 And on the eighth, that Friend of Allah sate,
 His morning meal untouched, within his tent.
 Then, moved by kindly longing, forth he went
 And scanned the desert, gazing far and wide,
 Till in the distance haply he espied
 An old man wending on his pilgrimage,
 Bowed like a willow, and the snows of age
 Whitening his head. The stranger drawing near,
 He welcomed him with hospitable cheer ;
 Gladly the aged man the summons took,
 Sat down to meat, with humble, grateful look
 Upon his host, who, ere he broke the bread,
 " Bismillah," in God's name, devoutly said.
 But from the old man's lips no sound was heard.
 This Abram noted, and his heart was stirred
 With wonder, yea with anger, and he spake :
 " Thy hand withhold, forbear the food to take,
 O stricken in years, in faith and piety
 Thou art not as becomes the aged. Fie !
 Is it not due unto the Giver of good
 T' invoke His name upon our daily food ? "
 The ancient bowed : " 'Tis not my custom, sire.
 I am of those who venerate the fire,
 A Guebre." With that the patriarch uprose —
 " Out with thee, unbeliever, of my foes

The vilest ! Rank idolater, avaunt ! ”
 And drove him forth with many a bitter taunt.

From the Most High a voice in sad rebuke
 Came with this word, “ Abram, if I can brook
 For so long years the error of this man,
 Yet spare his life, surely my servant can
 For one brief hour endure him ! see, he lies
 Low in the dust, weeping with shame, and sighs
 At thy harsh dealing. Bid him come again ;
 Tell him that I have sent thee.” Not in vain
 The Almighty spake. Abram with ruthless breast
 After him ran : “ A hundred blessings rest
 Upon thy head,” he cried, “ the God of all
 Hath seen thy tears, and biddeth me recall
 Him whom I drove unkindly from my side.
 Come now, I pray thee, and with me abide ! ”

Thus learned he mercy, and was deeply blest,
 And that old man the name of God confessed.

(Bustan.)

ANCIENT BUILDINGS AND REMAINS IN INDIA.

There are many temples and other structures in India which may justly be regarded as curiosities of human art. Among the most wonderful of these were the dams and water-courses necessary for irrigation in a tropical country, and of which vast remains still exist in Ceylon and other places. Some of the finest buildings of India are the ghats or landing places, with their broad flights of steps ; the

reservoirs ornamented with temples, stairs, etc., but the most remarkable of all Indian remains are the rock-cut temples, whether Buddhist or Brahmanical. Among the earliest architectural monuments are those of Asoka, a powerful monarch who reigned about 250 B. C. The Buddhist remains are of various kinds, including commemorative monuments called Topes or Stupas, temples (chaityas) and monasteries (viharas). Of these two last, no built examples remain; they are all excavated out of the solid rock. There are no less than forty or fifty groups of these. A few of these belong to other religions, but the great majority are Buddhist, and nearly all are monasteries. The oldest are at Bahar and Cuttack in Bengal (200 B. C.), but they are few in number, nine-tenths of the caves being in the Bombay presidency. This probably arises from the nature of the material in which they are cut, the eastern caves being in a hard granite, and those of the west being in a soft kind of rock. The cave-temple at Karli is one of the largest, and is of a good style. It is 126 feet long, 45 feet wide, and over 400 feet high. Among the topes, the most remarkable is that which was discovered at Sanchi, and which is distinguished by its beautiful sculptures in relief. The vihara or monastery caves are very numerous, as was required by the enormous number of Buddhist priests. The oldest and simplest examples are in Bengal, but the finest are in Western India. They consist of a central hall, with cells round three sides, and a verandah on the fourth side, next the open air; opposite the central entrance, there is usually a large cell or shrine,

containing an image of Buddha. There are fine caves at Ajunta, Baugh, and other places, many of them beautifully carved and painted.

The temples of the Jains seem to have been an imitation of the Buddhist temples without the cells of the priests. They consist of a shrine surmounted by a spire ; in front of this a vestibule with pillars, and round the whole an enclosure, surrounded by cells containing images. The cells are surmounted with spires, and the most striking feature of all is the number of round domes above the arcades.

Hindu architecture is divided into two styles—the northern and southern. The largest and most striking examples are southern, and are found south of Madras. They consist of the temple or vimana, in front of which is the pillared porch or mantopa, the gate pyramids or gopuras, forming the entrances to the enclosure, and the pillared halls or choultries. In the south, the temple is always pyramidal, and in many stories ; in the north, the outline is curved, and in one story. The finest example is the pagoda of Tanjore. It is 82 feet square at the base, and fourteen stories, or about 200 feet, in height. The gopuras are similar to the pagodas, but oblong instead of square. The pillared halls are very wonderful structures, containing sometimes as many as a thousand columns, and as all these are elaborately carved, and all different, the labour of their construction must have been enormous.

The Hindu cave-temple of Elephanta, on a small rocky island of that name, near the coast of Bombay, has been

long celebrated. The temple is situated well up the island, and all its compartments, pillars, and statues are hewn out of the solid rock. The sides of the cavern are sculptured in compartments, representing persons of the Hindu mythology ; but the end of the cave, opposite to the entrance, is the most remarkable. In the centre is a gigantic trimurti, or three-formed god—including Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—sculptured with all their ornaments and attributes. All these figures are in high relief, as are those of the other sides of the cavern. On the right, as you enter the cave, is a square compartment with four doors, supported by eight colossal figures ; it contains a gigantic figure of Mahadeo, and is cut out of the rock like the rest of the cave. There are several other more secret chambers and smaller recesses, to which there is no outlet ; these are lighted from above, the whole thickness of the hill having been cut through for that purpose. Another most beautiful rock-cut temple is that called Kailasa at Ellora.

Gigantic statues are a remarkable feature of ancient India. That of Ninydes has been thus described : “ After ascending several neat staircases, we suddenly came upon a large stone building, above which we then discovered a finely formed image, carved out of one solid stone, about 70 feet high, and representing a youth with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders, every leaf of which was so exquisitely laboured, as to bear the closest examination. We were able to contrast the size of this extraordinary colossus with men, monkeys, and vultures, two of the latter being perched upon his head, and the

upper part being seven times the height of a middle-sized man, who stood on the top of the building. That it was cut out of the solid rock, cannot admit of a doubt—for no power on earth could have moved so massive a column, to place it there on the top of so steep and slippery a mountain. I never in my life, beheld so great a curiosity, every feature being most admirably finished. From the nose inclining to the aquiline, and the under lip being very prominent and pouting, the profile shows it to the greatest advantage; and every part, from top to toe, is smooth and highly polished."

Of a different order of architecture is that introduced into India by the Mohammedans after the time of Timur. It is exhibited in mosques and mausoleums, so remarkable for their beauty and chasteness of design, grace of proportion and excellence of material and workmanship, as to be entitled to be compared with the finest remains of Greek and Roman art. The most remarkable of these monuments is that known by the name of Taj Mahal, situated near the city of Agra, on the right bank of the Jumna. It is a mausoleum, occupying, with its garden, a quadrangle of forty acres; the principal building, with its domes and minarets, being almost wholly of white marble. It was built by Shah Jehan in the early part of the seventeenth century.

(Compiled.)

THE TAJ MAHAL.

This morning we sallied out to have our first view of the famous Taj Mahal. We had heard such ravishing

descriptions of its beauty that we expected to be disappointed, as people usually are when anything is overpraised. We drove two miles outside the town of Agra, and were landed at a splendid gateway, made of red sandstone interlined with marble, so imposing that we thought it a fine mosque, but it only serves as an approach to the fairy-like structure of pure white marble which bursts upon your sight as soon as you enter the gateway. We stood spellbound for a few minutes at this lovely apparition; it hardly seems of the earth, earthy. It is more like a dream of celestial beauty. No words can describe it: we felt that all previous sights were dimmed in comparison. So perfect is the form that all other structures seem clumsy. The first impression it gives is that of a temple of white ivory, draped in white Brussels lace. The exquisite carving and tracery on the walls looks like lace rather than sculpture. A beautiful dome crowns the building, and four graceful minarets stand at each angle some distance apart. Such is the dazzling whiteness that it looks like a work of art when first unveiled; but it is 250 years old, and was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan in honour of a favourite wife. It seems descending to the region of the commonplace to say that it cost three millions sterling and took seventeen years to build, and employed twenty thousand workmen.

The finest view of the Taj is said to be from the top of the gateway, some four hundred yards in front of it. I climbed to this point and contemplated leisurely the glorious vision in front of me. The foreground is filled up with a grove of deep-green foliage, very refreshing to the

eye under the dazzling glare of the sun, and looking like an oasis amid the parched and dusty plains. In the middle of this grove lies a long narrow pool of water, lined with cypress. Masses of flowering shrubs relieve the deep green, especially the red blossom of the bougainvillia, which hangs in immense clusters—sometimes the whole tree is one blaze of colour. Bright-plumed birds flit among the trees, especially the gay green parrot, and a confused hum of chirping is heard all over the place. It is veritably an earthly paradise !

The great dome of the Taj, flanked with its four graceful minarets, like so many satellites, has a softness of colour and outline which rests the eye. The Taj itself stands upon a great marble platform, raised some feet above the ground, and it, again, rests upon a still larger basement of red sandstone. The building is thus raised above all the surrounding country, and can be seen from a great distance. Many fine buildings are injured by commonplace surroundings, and so their effect is partly lost. Not so the Taj. It gleams like a light-house over all the plain of Agra; it is reflected on the broad bosom of the Jumna, which flows on one side, and the spacious windings of the river form one of the finest features of the landscape which spreads before one.

The building is square in form, rounded at the edges with a great alcove or hollow arch in the middle of each side. Two smaller double alcoves fill the spaces between the great ones; four smaller domes or cupolas stand on the roof round the great central dome; the four large

minarets stand at the four angles of the great marble platform, several hundred feet from the main building. Two very handsome mosques face the Taj on the right and left, each built of red sandstone inlaid with white marble, and crowned with three white domes. The surface of the Taj is ornamented with the choicest inlaid work. India was ransacked for precious stones to adorn it. The windows are covered with fine marble screens, cut into graceful patterns. Long rows of Arabic characters in black are inlaid into the white marble; these are verses from the Koran. So numerous are they that one-eighth of the whole volume is said to be engraven on the building. One thing more I may mention. I discern an ugly spot under the central arch; on closer examination it turns out to be a nest of wild bees. We find this curious pendant to nearly every large arch in Northern India; we have counted as many as twelve under the roof of one mosque. They look like large black bags, and you hear a constant hum of bees about them.

But I must descend from my perch and give some account of the interior of the edifice. I seat myself on the tomb erected to Shah Jehan in the interior, under the great dome. We have entered by a door in the central alcove. At first it seems dark, after the bright sunshine outside. No direct light falls into the interior; it is like a shell within an outer case, and the light percolates dimly through the marble fretwork. The tomb of the emperor and that of his favourite wife lie side by side. They are of white marble, inlaid with rich gems: emeralds, turquoises, agates,

cornelians, lapis lazuli and coral abound. A railing or screen of pierced marble, wrought into elegant designs, surrounds the tombs. After remaining some time in the interior it appears quite light, and one can see that the vaults are covered with inscriptions from the Koran. A dado runs round the whole interior, of marble beautifully carved into flowers, and vases done on panels, each surrounded with a running scroll of inlaid work of precious stones.

A wonderful echo is heard when a chord of music is struck, reverberating round the hall, and dying into stillness. I have once more changed my point of view, and mounted to the top of one of the minarets, 130 feet high, and look into the very heart of the Taj, as you might do into the snowy ravines of the Alps from a neighbouring peak. The dome is now seen to be of an oval shape, not unlike an inflated balloon. Four minor domes or turrets surround it, and sixteen little minarets outflank the turrets. The two mosques and the noble gateway, like a sort of triumphal arch, look very well from this point. The great Fort of Agra, with its huge double wall, built by Akbar, fills up the landscape on the west, and beyond it the city is seen peeping out of a forest of trees.

(S. Smith.)

The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

(Shakspeare.)

A CHAPTER ON MONKEYS.

Monkeys play a large and important part in Indian folklore and tradition, as is evidenced by the numerous sayings which are current regarding them. The monkey is considered by many people to be a species of human being, only he does not speak intelligibly like other men, lest he should be forced to work and perhaps to pay taxes. Though his life is protected and he is treated with much indulgence by the Hindus, they are yet quite alive to his mischievous ways and shallow cunning. "What is a monkey's friendship worth?" is a saying that illustrates his petulance and untrustworthiness. A foolish person is called "a tailless monkey;" and "a cocoa-nut in a monkey's hand" describes wrongly bestowed gifts or incapacity—the monkey being unable to open the shell. "A flower in a monkey's hand" portrays the fate of one who is likely to be hopelessly despoiled. "Like a snake in a monkey's hand" describes a matter that cannot be turned to profit, for the monkey is afraid of the snake, though unwilling to let it go.

There is probably something of humorous exaggeration in the many stories that are prevalent with reference to the monkey's amusing tricks, though there is doubtless a grain of truth in most of them. There is, for example, the anecdote, which we may either believe or not, as we choose, about the Hindu who was bathing in the Ganges, leaving a little *chura* and *dahi* on the bank of the river for his breakfast. A monkey was on the top of a tree, and a goat was grazing hard by. The monkey availed himself of the

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opportunity and alighting on the ground attacked the welcome fare. When he had eaten his fill, he took a little of the remaining *dahi*, and painted the face of the innocent goat all white with it, in order to make the man believe that the goat had stolen his breakfast !

Mr. J. L. Kipling in his book "Beast and Man in India" relates the story of some monkeys which had proved troublesome to the merchants of a certain town, who resolved at last to deport them by railway to a distance. The station-master at Saharanpore was advised of the despatch of cars laden with the depredators, which he was requested to send out to be freed on the adjacent Sewalik hills. "But the cages were broken in unloading the freight and the crowd got loose. The exiles invaded the busy workshops of the railway establishment and lost their tempers, monkey fashion, among the driving-bands and machinery, nor were they easily driven out. A large male was seen pulling the lever points of a siding with the sudden petulance of his kind ; and another established himself between the double roofs of one of the inspection carriages used by railway officers on tour as houses, stealing from the pantry such trifles as legs of mutton, corkscrews, lamp glasses and dusters—articles for which a monkey can have but little use. The bulk of the company trooped into the gardens of the town, where the proprietors took measures of their own against the invasion."

"An amusing case of monkey plunder," says the same writer, "occurred some years ago at Simla. The chief confectioner of the place had prepared a magnificent

wedding-cake (covered over with sugar), which was safely put by in a room that, like most Simla rooms, looked on the steep hillside. It is of little use, however, locking a door when the window is left open. So when they came to fetch the cake, the last piece of it was being handed out of the window by a chain of monkeys who had whitened the hillside with its fragments. A theft of this kind is mainly mischievous, for the wild monkey dislikes food mixed with butter, nor does he greatly care for sugar. The creature has a passion for picking things to pieces. A flower or a fragile toy will amuse a monkey for a long time. If a bird falls into its hands it will not be released till it is plucked of every feather. If the bird resents the process, the monkey with an unconcerned air rubs its head vigorously on the ground. It is often said that the monkey kills snakes by grinding the head on a stone, occasionally spitting on it, nor is the feat incredible to one who has observed the constant habit of rubbing things on the ground and holding them up for inspection."

"Al Masudi, who compiled his Arabic encyclopaedia in the tenth century, wrote that most Chinese and Hindu kings keep wise but dumb monkeys as tasters for their tables, relying implicitly on their judgment of what is poisoned and what is wholesome. I was told of a cultivator in the hills whose crop and garden were so seriously injured that he determined to get rid of his enemies. So he daily set out platters of boiled rice which they greedily ate. When they had learned the habit of coming in crowds, he one day set out rice poisoned with a tasteless drug. He

heard a great chatter and whining round his treacherous platters, and saw a council sitting round the untasted food in earnest debate. Presently they rose and scampered away, but soon returned, each bearing twigs and leaves of a plant which instinct had taught them was an antidote to the poison. With these they stirred and mixed the rice, which they afterwards ate with their usual relish, returning the next morning for more, absolutely unharmed !

“ The inability of the monkey to make for itself a shelter against the heavy rains of the country is noted in proverbs. It is really curious that troops of monkeys will sit shivering for hours in driving storms within a few yards of covered spaces, which seem as if specially provided for their shelter and comfort.”

“ Monkey mothers are tender to their little ones, with a care that endears them to the child-loving Oriental. The babies are quaint little mites with the brown hair that afterwards stands up crest-wise, parted in the middle of their brows ; their wistful faces are full of wrinkles, and their mild hazel eyes have a quick-glancing timidity, that well suits their pathetic, lost, kitten like cry. Yet even in the forest there are frisky matrons. I have seen a mother monkey, disturbed in her gambols on the ground by the whining of a tiny baby left half-way up an adjacent tree, suddenly break off, and hastily climbing up the tree, snatch up the baby, hurry to the very topmost branch, where she plumped it down as who should say, ‘ Tiresome little wretch ! ’ and then come down to resume her play. The people say that when monkey babies die the mothers

often go mad, and that in the excess of their affection they occasionally squeeze their offspring to death. It is at least certain that a mother monkey will carry with her for weeks the dried and dead body of her little one, nursing and petting it as if it were alive."

The monkey having been but little known in Europe until recent times, it is not surprising that he should not hold such an important place in the folklore of the West as in that of India. There are only two or three references to this animal in the fables so-called of Æsop, but in the following story the traditional cunning of the monkey is sufficiently exhibited: "Two cats having stolen some cheese, could not agree about dividing the prize. In order therefore, to settle the dispute, they consented to refer the matter to a monkey. The proposed arbitrator very readily accepted the office, and producing a balance, put a part into each scale. 'Let me see,' said he, 'ay—this lump outweighs the other'; and immediately bit off a considerable piece in order to reduce it, as he observed, to an equilibrium. The opposite scale was now become the heaviest, which afforded our conscientious judge an additional reason for a second mouthful. 'Hold, hold,' said the two cats, who began to be alarmed for the event, 'give us our respective shares and we shall be satisfied.' If you are satisfied, returned the monkey, 'justice is not; a cause of this intricate nature is by no means so soon determined.' Upon which he continued to nibble first one piece then another, till the poor cats, seeing their cheese gradually diminishing, entreated him to give himself no further

trouble, but to deliver to them what remained. 'Not so fast, I beseech ye, friends,' replied the monkey; 'we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you. What remains is due to me in right of my office.' Upon which he crammed the whole into his mouth, and with great gravity dismissed the court."

GYGE'S RING. (A FABLE.)

During the reign of the famous Cræsus, king of Lydia in ancient times, there lived in that country a youth named Callimachus; who was descended from the old line of kings, but had become so reduced that he was obliged to follow the calling of a shepherd. One day, as he was watching his flock on the side of a mountain, he sat down under a tree to brood over his misfortunes, and while seated there he suddenly noticed a narrow opening among the rocks. Curiosity led him to enter it, and he found himself in a large and deep cavern. At first he could see nothing, but as his eyes became accustomed to the dimness he perceived before him a golden urn on which these words were inscribed: "Here thou shalt find the ring of Gyges. Mortal, whoever thou art, for whom the gods intend so great a benefit, show them that thou art not ungrateful, and keep thyself from envying the good of any other man."

Callimachus opens the urn, finds the ring inside it, and in his joy leaves the urn, poor though he was and though it was of great value. He hastens from the cave to try the virtues of the ring of which he had so often heard in his infancy. He beholds from afar king Cræsus repairing

from Sardis to a delightful country-house which he possessed on the banks of the river Pactolus. He draws near to some slaves who preceded the royal car in order to scatter perfumes on the road by which the king was about to pass. He mingles with them after turning round the ring on his finger, for such was its magical property, and he finds that no one can perceive him. He makes a noise as he goes along, he even utters some words. All listen, and all express their astonishment at hearing a voice and seeing no one. They exclaim to one another: "Are we dreaming, or what? Did you not think that you heard some one speaking?" Callimachus, delighted with this success, leaves the slaves and approaches the king. He goes up to him without being discovered, and mounts his chariot, which was all of silver, adorned with wondrous devices. The queen was seated by her husband's side, and they were discussing some great state secrets, such as Cræsus confided to none but her. Callimachus remained listening to them the whole way. They arrived at the mansion, the walls of which were of jasper, the roof of copper shining like gold, the beds and other furniture of silver and richly ornamented with diamonds and precious stones, and the vessels with which the king was served were entirely of gold. When he took his walks in the gardens, the gardeners contrived to present to view each day, as an agreeable surprise, all kinds of new and freshly arranged flowers; with the help of great machines, they were able to transport rapidly whole trees with their roots from place to place, so that every morning the king on rising beheld his gardens entirely renewed. One day there would appear

groves of olives, myrtles, oranges and citrons. The next day would display to view a grassy wilderness shaded with pines, oaks, and larches which appeared to be as ancient as the earth. Yet again he would gaze out on flowery lawns, enamelled with violets, among which babbled a multitude of running brooks, and on their banks hung willows of fresh verdure, or lofty poplars seemed aspiring to the clouds, and fragrant shrubs and herbs covered the ground in rich and delightful disorder. Then all at once the following day would reveal a total change of scene ; all the rushing streams would have disappeared, to be replaced by a broad and stately river filled with pure and pellucid water--the river Pactolus. On its bosom were seen pleasure boats propelled by rowers clad in rich silks and golden embroidery. The benches on which they sat were of ivory, the oars of ebony, the prows of silver, the cordage of silk, the sails of purple, and the body of the vessels composed of fragrant wood like cedar. All the rigging was pleated with garlands, and the sailors were crown'd with chaplets of flowers. Cræsus had lions, tigers, and leopards, completely tamed, attached to tortoise-shell cars, and guided with bridles of gold and silken reins. These served to convey the king and his court in hot summer days when they wandered along the paths of a wide forest under impenetrable boughs which made a cool and delicious shade even at noon-day. From time to time new games and exercises were invented to develope the address and vigour of the youthful courtiers, and Cræsus awarded to the victor in each fresh contest some costly prize. Thus the days flew by on wings of continual joy and pleasure.

Callimachus resolved to surprise all the Lydians by means of his ring. Several youths of the noblest families were running a chariot race before the king, who had alighted from his chariot to witness the contest. At the moment when all the competitors had finished their course and Croesus was deciding to whom the prize should be awarded, Callimachus mounted the royal chariot. Remaining invisible the while, he whipped up the lions and the chariot flew forward. One would have thought that it was the car of Achilles drawn by immortal coursers, or even that of Phœbus himself, when, having traversed the immense vault of the heavens, he plunges his fiery steeds in the western wave. At first they supposed that the lions had escaped, and were running away, but soon they perceived that they were guided with skill and dexterity, though the car appeared empty. All stood transfixed with astonishment. Having beaten all the other competitors in the chariot race, the unseen charioteer advanced and took away the prize, amid general amazement. Some thought it was a deity who was jesting with mortals; others believed that it was a man named Orodes, a Persian magician, reputed to have the power of calling up shades from the infernal regions, able also to visit the minds of his enemies with madness and to cause eclipses of the moon, tempests, and earthquakes. Croesus believing that Orodes had driven the chariot had him summoned to his presence. The messengers found him with serpents entwined about him engaged in invoking the infernal deities, and at the sight of him thus occupied they were convinced that he, and no other, was the invisible

conqueror in the race. He assured them to the contrary, but the king was incredulous. Now Callimachus was the enemy of Orodes, because the latter had foretold that this young man would one day bring great disaster on Cræsus and cause the entire ruin of his kingdom, and this prediction had led Cræsus to keep Callimachus in a distant desert and in a state of the most abject poverty. Callimachus now saw an opportunity of avenging himself, and was well satisfied to see the embarrassment of his-foe. Cræsus, though he urged Orodes, could not induce him to confess that it was^{he} who had contended for the prize ; but when the king threatened to punish him, his friends counselled him to own the deed and gain some advantage from it. Having at last complied with their advice, he became blinded by vanity, and began to boast of having performed that wonderful feat by dint of his enchantments. But, even while he talked, he was amazed to see the same chariot again set off guided by an invisible driver. The king also heard a voice saying in his ear, " Orodes mocks thee ; he boasts of what he has not done." The king, enraged, commanded that the wretched man should be loaded with irons and cast into a deep dungeon.

Callimachus, having tasted the pleasure of satisfying his passions with the help of the ring, little by little parted with the virtuous feelings which had animated him in his days of solitude and misfortune. He was even tempted to enter the apartment of the king and slay him in his bed ; but a man does not all at once become a great criminal ; he felt some natural revulsion from a deed so dark, and

was unable to harden his heart to the point of executing it. He set out, however, to the court of Cyrus in Persia, and disclosed to him the state secrets which he had learnt, and in particular the design of the Lydians to make a league against the Persians with the Greek colonies and the entire coast of Asia Minor; at the same time he unfolded to Cyrus the preparations made by Cræsus and the best way of circumventing them. Soon after that, Cyrus set out from the banks of the Tigris, where he was encamped with a vast army, and marched as far as the river Halys, where Cræsus encountered him with troops more remarkable for splendour than for courage. The Lydians lived so luxuriously that they feared nothing so much as death. Their apparel, rich with gold, was more like that of vain women than of man; even their arms were adorned with gold; they were followed by innumerable magnificent chariots, and their tents were replete with every luxury. The effeminacy of their army boded ill for their success, though the Lydians were for more numerous than the Persians. The latter, on the contrary, at that period were distinguished chiefly by their poverty and courage. They were lightly clothed, lived abstemiously, drank nothing but water, slept on the bare ground, and constantly exercised their bodies to harden them by toil. Their ornaments were only of iron, and they were burdened with little save their lances, javelins and swords. They had nothing but contempt for enemies so drowned in luxury. The battle hardly deserved the name—the Lydians could not stand the first shock; they tumbled one over the other, while the Persians had nothing to do but slay them like sheep.

Cræsus having fled to Sardis, Cyrus pursued him without a moment's delay, and besieged him in his capital. After a long siege Cræsus surrendered, was taken and led out to die, when, according to the well-known story, he was heard in his extremity to pronounce the name of Solon, and Cyrus, desiring to know the reason of his doing so, learnt that Cræsus was mourning his ill fate in not having credited the wise counsel of the Greek, that no man should count himself happy till his death. Cyrus, touched at his words, granted Cræsus his life.

Callimachus now began to grow weary of his good fortune. Cyrus had appointed him one of his satraps, or governors of provinces, and had bestowed great wealth on him. Another man would have been content, but the Lydian with his ring still aspired to mount higher. He could not bear to see himself in a subordinate condition, and made up his mind to kill Cyrus, who had heaped so many favours on him. At times he felt remorse at having caused the overthrow of Cræsus, and had been seized with grief at the sight of the king being led to execution. He could no longer remain happily in a country where he had caused so much evil, and where he was unable to satiate his restless ambition. He set out to find some distant kingdom, traversed vast regions, experienced everywhere the magical effect of his ring, raised and threw down kings and realms, amassed great riches and honours, but always remained restless and dissatisfied. His talisman procured him everything, except peace and happiness. The reason was that happiness is found only in one's self,

and is independent of all those outward advantages on which we put such value, and that when a man loses innocence, simplicity, conscience and goodwill, (which are the true roots of happiness), he becomes the prey of vexation, shame, and remorse, in spite of all his ill-gotten wealth.

(From the French of Fenelon.)

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

In past time, man's unkindness to man has not been more conspicuous than his unkindness to the "lower" animals. In most parts of the earth those have constantly been sufferers from his rude impulses and recklessness. Even where there has been a hesitation in actually taking the lives of animals, from religious considerations, there has yet been great neglect, and negative if not positive cruelty, shown to our dumb fellow-creatures. The consequence is that most animals have acquired, from the effect of habit transmitted through generations, a fear and hatred of man, which we ought to feel humiliated in contemplating, and which is in itself a loss to us, since there is a great pleasure to be derived from the kindly companionship of animals; and of this we are deprived, except when we take pains with some special creature. It is by many thought probable that, from the dragooning system which we pursue towards animals, we have never yet realized one-half of the benefits which the domestic races are calculated to confer upon us. Take the horse alone for example, and hear what a contemporary writer has said about him. "In Europe, the sagacious powers of this noble animal are most

imperfectly developed. In fact, notwithstanding his outward beauty and his pampered form, he exists there in a state of degradation ; for he is generally under the power and in the company of beings of a low grade, often ignorant, brutal, capricious, and cruel. Some are well-fed, it is true, and duly exercised--and happy their fate : the rest are abused with a cruelty that has become proverbial. Now, what knowledge can a horse acquire under such treatment ? How is he to display, to exercise, to increase the powers bestowed on him by nature ? From whom is he to learn ? Being gregarious by nature, he is yet secluded from his own species ; he is separated, except for a short time, from his master, who attends only to his animal wants : when not employed about a heavy, cumbersome machine, " dragging his dull companion to and fro," he is shut up within the walls of a stable. But this beautiful creature, we repeat, is existing all this time in a degraded state ; or, as the newspapers call it, in a false position. Who does not know how soon the horse will meet every advance of kindness and attention you make to him, how grateful he will be, how studious of your will, how anxious to understand you, how happy to please and satisfy you ! We have possessed two horses at different times, which, with only the treatment that they would experience from a master fond of the animals under his protection, would follow us with the attention of dogs ; sometimes stopping to graze on the banks of the road till we had advanced many hundred yards, and then, of their own accord, and apparently with delight, canter forward and rejoin us. In fact, they were

gentle, intelligent and pleasing companions ; and this was produced rather by total abstinence from harsh treatment, than from any positive solicitation or great attention on our parts." The writer proceeds to remark the great gentleness, sagacity, and serviceableness which mark the horse in the East, particularly in Arabia, and which qualities seem to depend entirely on the better treatment which the horse there receives. The Arab makes his horse a domestic companion. He sleeps in the same tent with the family. Children repose upon his neck, and hug and kiss him without the least danger. He steps amongst their sleeping forms by night, without ever injuring them. When his master mounts him, he manifests the greatest pleasure ; and if he try any chance falls off, he instantly stands still till he is again mounted. He has even been known to pick up his wounded master and carry him in his teeth to a place of safety. Unquestionably these beautiful traits of character have been developed in the animal by a proper course of treatment. The same law holds good here as amongst men. Treat these in a rational, humane, and confiding manner, and you bring forth their best natural qualities ; but, on the contrary, visit them with oppression and cruelty, and you either harden and stupefy them, or rouse them to the manifestation of wrathful feelings, which may prove extremely uncomfortable to yourself. It is probable, then, that, from the way in which we use most animals, we never have experienced nearly so much advantage from their subserviency as we might have done.

COWPER'S TAME HARES.

In the year 1774, being much indisposed both in body and mind, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of anything that would engage my attention, without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything ; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was that in a short time I had as many leverets offered me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them—Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you, that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in ; each had a separate apartment. In the day-time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from

my temples. He would suffer me to take him up, and carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep on my knee. He was ill three days, during which I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows, that they might not molest him, (for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick), and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery: a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression, as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed, the shyness of his nature was done away, and on the whole it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room

to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney ; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention ; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore-feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way ; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage : Tiney was not to be tamed at all : and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat, being in the room, had the hardness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws, and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances

were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had an opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration there is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burned in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the closest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the smell in the choice of their favourites; to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once, his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that, impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread

of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best. I take it to be a general opinion that they graze, but it is an erroneous one ; at least grass is not their staple ; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sowthistle, dandelion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered, by accident, that fine white sand is in great estimation with them ; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a birdcage when the hares were with me ; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously ; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat ; straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties ; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw, never want them. It serves them also for a bed, and if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not, indeed, require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk ; they seem to resemble sheep in this, that if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot — to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers,

for they feed only at evening and in the night, during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rind of apples cut extremely thin ; for though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water ; but so placed that they cannot overset it in their beds. I must not omit, that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common brier, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young ; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins, by a fall ; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he has grown more discreet and less frolicsome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance, a spaniel, that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution, but there was no real need for it. Puss showed no sign of fear, Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it. They eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them,

that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot ; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

(Memorandum found among Cowper's papers.)

Tuesday March 9, 1786.

This day died poor Puss, aged eleven years eleven months. He died between twelve and one at noon, of mere old age, and apparently without pain.

(William Cowper.)

EPITAPH ON A HARE.

1.

Here lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow ;
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo ;

2.

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare.

3.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

4.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw :
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

5.

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
Or pippin's russet peel,
And, when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well.

6.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound ;
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

7.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear ;
But most before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near.

8.

Eight years and five round rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

9.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft be guile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

10.

But now beneath his walnut shade
 He finds his long last home,
 And waits, in snug concealment laid,
 Till gentler Puss shall come.

11.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
 From which no care can save ;
 And, partner once of Tiney's box,
 Must soon partake his grave.

(*Cowper.*)

CRICKET.

Cricket is at once a game of bodily skill and mental calculation, and requires for its successful cultivation the union of great physical activity and courage, with considerable powers of mind and self-control, especially in some of the more difficult departments, such as bowling and wicket-keeping. Until the last hundred years, the game was rarely played even in England, the country of its origin ; but there is plenty of evidence as to its existence as a game in the sixteenth century, and probably earlier even than that. But it is chiefly in modern times that cricket has become popular with all classes, and that it has taken the position it now enjoys, as the leading national game played out of doors. There are several peculiarities in which cricket stands unrivalled at present, and which we trust may long be preserved to it. These are : first, its uniting all classes ; for the peer and the peasant are

constantly seen in the same eleven; and, in a county match the best men will be selected, let their position in society be what it may; secondly, the general absence of gambling; for, though betting cannot be entirely prevented, it is less associated with cricket than with any other sport of the same degree of popularity; thirdly, its healthful tendency; and fourthly, the absence of intemperance as an adjunct. It is now the favourite game of town and country alike. The season lasts from spring to late autumn, for it is a game which requires a dry sod, as well as freedom from any present fall of rain—hence the cricketer has often to exercise much patience regarding the weather, especially in the uncertain English climate.

The game is played upon a level piece of turf, generally about one or two acres in extent. In a full game of cricket, there are eleven players on each side, with two umpires and two scorers. Although an ordinary game is usually played with eleven on each side, there is no restriction as to numbers; the parties may stipulate for eleven against twenty-two, twelve against twenty, etc. When a game is about to be played, the wickets, or stumps, are placed opposite to each other, three on either side, at a distance of twenty-two yards. Each wicket is 27 inches in height above ground, and the three are connected at the top by two loose bails, four inches long each. Two lines are then drawn upon the grass at either end. The first is in a line with the stumps, and is called the “bowling-crease”; the other is parallel, four feet in front of the wicket, and is called the “popping crease.” Having chosen sides and

tossed for innings, the players on the side which is out take their places. The bowler places himself behind the wicket from which he intends to bowl, and the wicket keeper directly behind the wicket opposite to him. The rest of the men on the outside are called fielders, and take up various positions, each of which has its recognised name. Two batsmen take up their posts before the wickets, and the bowler delivers the ball towards the opposite batsman, his object being either to hit the wickets or to bowl it in such a way that the batsman may play a catch. In either of these cases the striker is out. But if the batsman can hit away the ball to such a distance that he is able to exchange places with the opposite batsman, he scores one run to his side. Every time an exchange of places safely occurs, a run is scored to the side which has the innings. The delivery of every four (or six) balls constitutes an "over," when the bowling is transferred to the opposite wicket, and all the fielders change their positions accordingly. When a batsman is put out, another of the players on his side takes his place, and so on, till all the players but one are put out, when those who have had their "innings" field out, and those who have been fielding out take their innings. Each side has two innings, and the party that makes the largest score wins the game.

Some English counties have especial reputation for cricket, and in their county clubs are included the finest amateur and professional players. Nearly every town, village, and school possesses its cricket-ground; and cricketers are to be found in all classes of the community.

No game tends more to the development of muscular strength and activity, while its social character makes it highly beneficial. The Marylebone club is the recognised head and chief authority of the English clubs. Within recent years English cricketers have visited Australia, New Zealand, and America, and, in return, Australian elevens, of great proficiency, have played in Britain. The game has been adopted to a large extent in India, especially by schools and colleges, and the name of Ranjit Singhji is famous in the annals of cricket, as one of the best players of modern times.

MAXIMS.

(From the Buddhist Scriptures.)

1. Never in this world does hatred cease by hatred ;
Hatred ceases by love, this is always its nature.
2. As rain breaks in upon an ill-thatched hut,
So passion breaks in upon an untrained mind.
3. Follow not after vanity, nor familiarity with the
delight of lust,
For the earnest and the thoughtful obtain ample joy.
4. Not where others fail, or do, or leave undone ;
The wise should notice what himself has done or
left undone.
5. How vain the pleasures of the crowd,
And fleeting as a transient cloud !
But wise men seek though storm and stress
To keep the gift of earnestness.

6. The wise appear 'mid common men
 As those who look with earnest gaze
 On noble forms from other's ken
 Concealed by thoughtless folly's haze;
 As those who watch 'midst those who sleep,
 And win ere others have begun.
 So they their treasure safely keep;
 So they their endless progress run.
7. The seeds which by one evil will
 Are sown from day to day,
 Will work more wild and hopeless ill
 Than battle's full array.
8. How lives the wise? How doth he use
 The gifts and sweetness of the world?
 E'en as the bee that takes the dew
 Of nectar in the flow'ret furled,
 Yet mars nor form nor scent nor worth—
 So dwells the wise upon the earth.
9. He who can hold his rising wrath in check,
 As the bold charioteer his steed restrains,
 Is the skilled driver, and I little reck
 Of those who cannot; they but hold the reins.
10. Let men be what they may—
 Envious, vile, unfeeling, passionate—
 Whate'er they do or say,
 It must not move my spirit's noble state;
 Mine be the jewel's thought,
 "I am an emerald, and must abide
 Pure and unstained by ought,
 And keep my colour bright whate'er betide."

11. Like a beautiful flower, full of colour, without scent,
The fine words of him who does not act accordingly
are fruitless.
12. Like a beautiful flower, full of colour, and full of
scent,
The fine words of him who acts accordingly are
full of fruit.
13. As long as the sin bears no fruit,
The fool he thinks it honey ;
But when the sin ripens,
Then indeed he goes down in sorrow.
14. Let no man think lightly of sin, saying in his
heart " It cannot overtake me."
15. As the waterpot fills by even drops of water falling,
The fool gets full of sin, ever gathering little by
little.
16. Let a man make himself what he preaches to
others ;
The well subdued may subdue others ; oneself
indeed is hard to tame.
17. He who formerly was heedless, and afterwards be-
came earnest,
Lights up this world, like the moon escaped from a
cloud.
18. Let a man overcome anger by kindness, evil by
good ;
Let him conquer the stingy by a gift, the liar by
truth.

19. The fault of others is easily perceived, but that of oneself is difficult to perceive ; a man winnows his neighbour's faults like chaff, but his own faults he hides, as a cheat hides the bad die from a gambler.
20. If anything is to be done, let a man do it ; let him attack it vigorously.

PEARL FISHERIES.

Pearls seem to have been considered as an article of value from the very earliest periods. They were always much prized in the East, and the Romans also, at the period of their greatest glory and luxury, esteemed them highly, more highly indeed than any other commodity. The celebrated Cleopatra, wishing, it is said, to expend a larger sum in one feast than Mark Antony had done in his most sumptuous repasts, in procuring which he had lavished all the riches of the East, took a large pearl from her ear, and throwing it into a cup of vinegar, swallowed it—the eccentric draught costing about £80,000.

The grand sources from which these early nations procured their supplies were, according to Pliny and other authors, from the Persian Gulf, the island of Ceylon, and the Red Sea ; and it is curious enough, that though many other parts of the world produce shells that form pearls, some of these same fisheries which existed so many centuries ago are still the most productive, and at this day furnish nearly all the pearls of commerce. Those on the Red Sea, it is true, have nearly disappeared ; they have either been

exhausted or neglected, and cities of the greatest celebrity have in consequence sunk into insignificance or total ruin. The two chief fisheries in the East are now Bahrein Island in the Persian Gulf, and in the Bay of Condatchy in the gulf of Manaar, off the island of Ceylon. Oysters containing beautiful pearls are found, it is true, all along the coast of Arabia, and amongst the various islands in the Persian Gulf, and are frequently fished in those localities. They are also abundant in different parts of the Indian Ocean, along the Coromandel coast, and in various other places, but the two first mentioned localities furnish the main supply at the present day.

Commercially the substance called pearl occurs in two states: in drops or pellets, more or less spherical, from the size of a coriander-seed to that of a boy's marble, called pearls; and in small plates or slips of variable thickness, called mother-of-pearl, or nacre. The former are used in the manufacture of necklaces and head-dresses, or set as jewels in rings, ear-rings, bracelets, and other articles of personal ornament; the latter is employed in inlaying cabinet-work, informing knife-handles and buttons, and in the construction of a vast variety of toys and fancy articles. These substances, lustrous and beautiful as they come from the hand of the artist—whether set as a stud on a common shoe, or as a jewel in the crown of royalty—have one and the same origin; are, in fact, the production of an ordinary shell-fish, the oyster.

The shining substance which covers the inside of certain shells of various kinds is in reality pearl; constituting

mother-of-pearl when the shell is sufficiently large and thick to afford a workable plate after the rough outside surface has been ground away. Frequently attached to this nacreous lining are pellets, of a form more or less approaching a perfect sphere, of greater hardness and lustre than the nacre to which they are attached, and altogether of greater beauty and attraction. Sometimes these pellets are free and detached within the muscular or fleshy part of the shell-fish, in which case they are still more beautiful and perfect in form. These are the pearls of the jeweller. In ancient times various were the conjectures made to explain the origin of the pearl. Pliny, the celebrated Roman naturalist, gravely tells us that the oyster which produces pearls does so from feeding on heavenly dew. In the East, the belief is equally common that these precious gems are

‘ Rain from the sky,

Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.’

The real cause of the formation of pearls, in all cases, appears to be the desire of the animal to get rid of a source of irritation. Sometimes this happens to be a grain of sand, or some such small foreign body, which has insinuated itself between the mantle of the oyster and the shell, and which, proving a great annoyance, the animal covers with a smooth coat of membrane, over which it spreads a layer of nacre. At other times, it is caused by some enemy of the inhabitant of the shell perforating it from the outside to get within reach of its prey. With a plug of this same matter, the oyster immediately fills up

the opening made and shutting out the intruder, balks it of its nefarious design. In both these cases, we find the pearl usually adhering to the internal surface of the shell. The best, however, and the most valuable specimens are generally found in the body itself of the animal; and the source of the irritation here is proved to be an ovum or egg of the animal, which, instead of becoming ripe, proves abortive, and is not thrown out by the mother along with the others, but remains behind in the capsule in which the ova are originally contained. This capsule, being still supplied with blood-vessels from the parent animal, goes on increasing in size for another year, and then receives a covering of nacre, the same as the animal spreads over the internal covering of the shell.

“There is no spectacle the island affords,” says Mr. Perceval in his *Account of Ceylon*, “more striking than the Bay of Condatchy during the season of the pearl-fishery. This desert and barren spot is at this time converted into a scene which exceeds in novelty and variety almost anything I ever witnessed—several thousands of people of different colours, countries, castes and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; the vast numbers of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazaar or market place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious expecting countenances of the boat-owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast

numbers of jewellers, brokers, merchants, of all colours and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use—all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object which can of itself create this scene.”

The principal oyster-bank is situated opposite Con-datchy, and is about twenty miles from the shore; and the best fishing is said to be found in from six to eight fathoms water. There are fourteen banks, but not all equally productive; and before the fishing commences, these banks are surveyed. The state of the oysters is thus ascertained, and a report is then made to government. If it is found that the quantity is sufficient, and that the oysters have arrived at a proper degree of maturity, the particular banks to be fished that year are put up for sale to the highest bidder, or are kept in the hands of the government, to be fished on its own account. The pearl oyster, as already mentioned, is supposed to reach its maturity in about from seven to nine years; and it is said that after that period the pearl becomes disagreeably large to the fish, and is then vomited out of the shell. The period during which the fishing is permitted to be carried on is only about six weeks or two mouths at the most, commencing in February, and ending about the beginning of April; and so numerous

are the holidays among the divers, that the number of fishing-days in each season seldom exceeds thirty. A signal gun is fired at the station Aripipo about ten at night, when the whole fleet sets sail with the land breeze. They reach the banks before daybreak, and at sunrise they commence fishing. In this they continue busily occupied till about noon, when the sea breeze sets in, and warns them to return. When the boats come in sight, another gun is fired and the colours hoisted, to give notice to the anxious owners of their arrival. The cargoes are taken out immediately the boats arrive, so as to be completely unloaded before night sets in.

Each boat carries twenty men, with a tindal or chief boatman as pilot. Ten of these men are rowers, and also assist the divers in ascending, and the other ten are divers. The divers go down five at a time alternately, thus giving each other time to recruit. Accustomed to this trade from their infancy, these men fearlessly descend to the bottom in from four to ten fathoms of water; and to accelerate their descent they use a large stone. Five of these are brought in each boat, composed of red granite, of a pyramidal shape, round at top and bottom, and having the smaller end perforated with a hole, so as to admit a rope. When about to plunge, the diver seizes the rope to which the stone is attached with the toes of his right foot, taking a bag made of network with his left. Accustomed to make use of his toes to work with and to hold by, the Indian can pick up articles with them almost as well as a European can with his

fingers. He then seizes hold of another rope with his right hand, and holding his nostrils shut with his left, plunges to the bottom. He there contrives to hang his net around his neck, and with much dexterity and despatch collects as many oysters as he can while he is able to remain under water; then pulling the rope, which he continues to hold in his right hand, he gives the signal to his comrades in the boat, who draw him up with his cargo, the large stone which he carried down being left behind, to be drawn up by the rope attached to it. The oysters are sometimes found in what are called cables or ropes, of which a good diver is immediately sensible, and coils the whole into his net without breaking it. At such times, or when the ground is well clothed with them, the diver will bring up one hundred and fifty shells at a dip.

The exertion undergone during this process is so violent, that upon being brought into the boat, the divers discharge water from the mouth, ears and nostrils, and frequently even blood. This does not prevent them, however, from going down again; and they will often make from forty to fifty plunges in a day. Some rub their bodies with oil, and stuff their ears and nostrils, to prevent the water from entering, while others use no precautions whatever. The time the divers can remain under water, at the depth of seven fathoms, seldom exceeds one minute, though they are occasionally known to remain about two. It is asserted that there are instances known of divers who could even remain four or five minutes. These men seldom live to a great age; their bodies break out in sores,

and their eyes become very weak and bloodshot. Indeed they often die from over-exertion, being struck down on arriving at the surface as if by a shock of apoplexy.

The danger, however, which the divers dread most arises from the chance of their falling in with the ground-shark, a terrible creature, which prowls near the bottom, and proves a source of perpetual uneasiness to the adventurous pearl-fisher. So great is the divers' dread of these ravenous creatures, that the appearance of a single shark will produce as great a panic amongst the whole body as a hawk does when descried hovering over a brood of partridges. Should a diver perchance come roughly against a sharp stone at the bottom, straightway his fears conjure up the shark, he ascends immediately, gives the alarm to the rest of the divers, and perhaps the whole fleet of boats will return to shore before the real cause of alarm has been discovered.

The divers are paid differently, according to the agreement made before the fishing begins. Sometimes they receive their wages in money, and at others in oysters' receiving a certain number upon the chance of their finding pearls in them. This latter method, indeed, is the one they most frequently prefer; and they get up besides, amongst themselves, oyster lotteries, in which the European residents often join. A quantity of shells is purchased by an individual unopened, and he takes the risk whether they contain pearls or not. One hundred and fifty pearls, including the small ones called seed-pearls, have been found in one oyster, whilst again as many

oysters have been opened without finding a single specimen.

Chambers' Miscellany (abridged.)

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

[In this poem Oliver Goldsmith describes a village, where he claims to have lived in his youth, but which he represents as having been now laid waste by a tyrannical landlord. Among the several characters which he portrays, the best known are those of the school-master and the village pastor or clergyman.]

I.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school :
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face ;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he :
 Full well the busy whisper circling round
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned :
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew -
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
 Land he could measure, terms and tides presage ;
 And e'en the story ran, that he could guage.

In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still,
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame ; the very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

II.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place :
 Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
 Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise,
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed.
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.
 Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control,
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul,
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place ;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;
 E'en children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

(O. Goldsmith.)

GOOD MANNERS.

Although some slight benefit may be gained from the study of books on etiquette and the like, especially with reference to the modes and customs of foreigners, yet we must remember that manners chiefly depend on early training and on the natural disposition of a man. A man of kindly unselfish disposition can never be really ill-mannered. He may know but little of the usages of polite society, but any slight lapse in customary observances will be easily forgiven him. A good heart is the great essential, and is a charm that secures the love and regard of all. There are some people whom everybody likes; it is because they have a large infusion of 'the milk of human kindness.' A child was once asked what made everyone love her. "I cannot tell" she said, "unless it is because I love everybody." "Kind words," it has been said, "awaken kind echoes. The world around us may be said to be, in some sense, a mirror in which a man may behold the reflection of himself. If he smiles, it smiles; if he

things, has made them more enemies, and implacable ones too, than anything I know of," he adds. Wordsworth puts the whole philosophy of the matter in a nutshell when he vows —

"Never to mix my pleasure nor my gain

"With sorrow to the meanest thing that lives."

The importance of external good manners can hardly be too strongly insisted upon. They are neither frivolous nor useless, as some have taught, for, as Tennyson says —

"Manners are not idle, but the fruit

"Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

And again in his greatest poem, he speaks of

"Noble manners, as the flower

"And native growth of noble mind."

The effect which we produce by our actions and words depends very largely, and in some cases, entirely, upon the manner in which they are performed or spoken. When the greatest of Greek orators, Demosthenes, was asked what was the chief requisite in eloquence, he replied "Action." "And the second?" He again answered "Action." "And what is the third?" The inquirer asked. "Action," said Demosthenes. By action he is supposed to have meant *manner* only. There is much truth in the saying. Many excellent speakers are marred by a bad manner and of those who are most popular and effective the great majority are distinguished by an attractive manner. So also in many matters of life, the manner of doing a thing is of the greatest importance. Lord Chesterfield

in his letters of advice to his son, wrote "you had better return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; and you had better refuse a favour gracefully than grant it clumsily. Manner is all in everything; it is by manner only that we can please, and consequently rise. All your classical knowledge will never advance you from secretary to envoy, or from envoy to ambassador; but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may." We remember of course that Chesterfield was speaking of a diplomatic career, in which above all it is incumbent on a man to sacrifice to the Graces, and we should perhaps think his way of expression somewhat exaggerated; but that there is much truth in what he says, no one acquainted with the world will venture to deny. Bad manners, or even "a bad manner," may fatally handicap a man in the race of life, even when he possesses many other needful qualifications. Dr. Johnson's famous line —

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed"

may be paraphrased, with the substitution of 'bad manners' for poverty, and will than be even more true and applicable. "In good truth," it has been said, "manners are minor morals, and an habitually rude man is most likely a bad one." We are to talk often, but never long, so that others may have their chance of speaking. We are to take, rather than give, the tone of the company we are in—making ourselves in an innocent and lawful way, "all things to all men." We are not to bore people; always to look people in the face when we speak to them; never to brag or exaggerate; neither to retail nor receive

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scandal willingly ; for, as Chesterfield again has said, " in the case of scandal as well as robbery, the receiver is always as bad as the thief."

Courtesy is not merely a gift of nature or a trick of breeding. It owes, no doubt, much to these sources. But it can be cultivated. Any man can be polite if he wishes. Most men are quite capable of it, when there is any strong selfish reason for exercising the quality. But if it be true, as all agree, that politeness arises from the heart, then the man who is only a gentleman when he chooses, and even boasts of it, is as far as possible from being worthy of " the grand old name of gentleman."

" Be noble ! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes ;
Then wilt pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad or lone."

THE PRAISE OF LOVE.

If I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge ; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long and is kind ; love envieth not ; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave

itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil ; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we declare in part ; but when that which is perfect (namely, love) is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child : but now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I have been known (by God). But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three ; and the greatest of these is love.

(*St. Paul, I Corin. 13.*)

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel, writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still, and said, “I pray thee then
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

(*Leigh Hunt.*)

WORDS OF THE WISE.

1. *Popularity and its opposite.*

As a goose is not frightened by cackling, nor a sheep by bleating, so let not the clamour of a senseless multitude alarm you.

As a mob, when without reason they demand of you something which is your own, does not disconcert you, so do not be moved from your purpose even by a rabble, when they unjustly attempt to compel you.

As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations to be induced to rise, but immediately shines and is saluted by all; so do you also not wait for clapping of hands and shouts and praise to be induced to do good, but be a doer of good voluntarily, and you will then be beloved as much as the sun.

Do not so much be ashamed of that disgrace which proceeds from men’s opinion, as fly from that which comes from the truth.

If you wish to be well-spoken of, learn to speak well of others, and when you have learned to speak well of them, try to act well, and so you will reap the reward of being well-spoken of.

2. *Truth and conscience.*

(*Epictetus.*)

You will stumble least in your judgments, if you yourself stumble least in your life.

When we are children, our parents deliver us to a pedagogue to take care on all occasions that we suffer no harm. But when we are become men, God delivers us to our innate conscience to take care of us. This guardianship, then, we must in no way despise, for if we do, we shall both displease God and be enemies to our own conscience. If you seek truth, you will not seek by every means to gain a victory ; and if you have found truth, you will have the advantage of not being defeated.

(*Epictetus.*)

Love truth : do all things for the sake of truth. (*Plato.*)

In the midst of the sun is the light, in the midst of light is the truth, and in the midst of truth is the imperishable Being.

(*Veda.*)

There is nothing greater than truth, and it should be esteemed the most sacred of all things.

(*Ramayana.*)

Truthfulness as a principle is more valuable than the good of any individuals or even nations.

The lip of truth shall be established for ever ; but a lying tongue is but for a moment. (*The Book of Proverbs.*)

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :

A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.

Cyrus, King of Persia, when asked what was the first thing he learned, replied, 'to tell the truth.'

"There was no virtue that Dr. Arnold laboured more sedulously to instil into young men than the virtue of truthfulness, as being the manliest of virtues, as indeed the very basis of all true manliness. He designated truthfulness as 'moral transparency,' and he valued it more highly than any other quality."

"The more frequently we use our conscience in judging between actions as right or wrong, the more easily shall we learn to judge correctly concerning them. He who before every action will deliberately ask himself, 'Is this right or wrong?' will seldom mistake what is his duty. On the other hand, if men go on doing right or wrong just as it happens, they will at last care but little whether they do the one or the other; and in many cases will hardly be able to distinguish between them." (*Wayland*).

3. *The character of a good man.*

"Remember his (the Emperor Antoninus') constancy in every act which was conformable to reason, his evenness in all things, his piety, the serenity of his countenance, his sweetness, his disregard of empty fame, and his efforts to understand things; how he would never let anything pass without having first most carefully examined it and clearly understood it; how he bore with those who blamed him unjustly, without blaming them in return, how he did nothing in a hurry; how he listened not to columnies, and how exact an examiner of manners and actions he was; not given to reproach people, nor timid, not suspicious,

nor a sophist, with how little he was satisfied, such as lodging, bed, dress, food, servants; how laborious and patient; how sparing he was in his diet; his firmness and uniformity in his friendships; how he tolerated freedom of speech in those who opposed his opinions; the pleasure that he had when any man showed him anything better: and how pious he was without superstition. Imitate all this, that thou mayst have as good a conscience, when thy last hour comes, as he had. *(Marcus Aurelius).*

4. *Anger and enmity.*

If you wish not to be of an angry temper, do not feed the habit: throw nothing on it which will increase it: at first keep quiet, and count the days on which you have not been angry. I used to be in a passion every day; now every second day; then every third; then every fourth. But if you have intermitted thirty days, make a sacrifice to God. For the habit at first begins to be weakened, and then is completely destroyed. When you can say 'I have not been vexed to-day, nor the day before, not yet on any succeeding day during two or three months; but took care when some exciting things happened,' be assured that you are in a good way." *(Epictetus).*

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

(Book of Proverbs).

To suppose that we shall be despised by others, if we do not by all means in our power do some damage to those who first showed us hostility, is the mark of very ignoble and foolish men; for this implies that the man is

to be considered contemptible, because of his inability to do damage ; but much rather is a man to be considered contemptible, because of his inability to do what is good.

(*Epictetus*).

5. *Courtesy.*

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smoothes distinction, sweetens conversation, and makes everyone in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilised persons from a confusion of savages.

(*Addison*).

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from foibles springs,
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all can please,
Oh ! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence ;
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain :
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

6. *Reading.*

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or

derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books.

(*Sir John Herschell*).

7. *Exercise.*

It is important to notice how much depends on what students and young men are apt to despise as below their notice, I mean a perfectly sound physical condition. I would warn you that those who think they have no time for bodily exercise will sooner or later have to find time for illness.

(*Earl of Derby*).

8. *Virtue.*

Daily perform thy appointed work unweariedly, and to obtain a friend, a sure companion, to the other world, collect a store like the ants, who garner up their treasure into heaps: for neither father, mother, wife, nor son, nor kinsman will remain beside thee. At that time, when thou art passing to that other home, thy virtue will be thy only comrade. This is the store to be collected. (*Manu*).

Thou canst not gather what thou dost not sow;

As thou dost plant the tree, so will it grow. (*Manu*).

Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap; he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption, but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.

(*St. Paul*).

Before infirmities creep over thy flesh ; before decay impairs thy strength and mars the beauty of thy limbs ; before the Ender, whose charioteer is sickness, hastens towards thee, breaks thy fragile frame, and ends thy life—lay up the only treasure that will endure ; do good deeds ; practice sobriety and self-control ; amass that wealth which thieves cannot abstract nor tyrants seize, which follows thee at death, which never wastes away nor is corrupted. (Mahabharata.)

Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal ; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. (Matthew VI, 20.)

THE KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN.

[The following is the first chapter of Sir Walter Scott's historical romance, *The Talisman*, and relates how, "during a short truce between the Christian armies taking part in the third crusade (for the recovery of Jerusalem from the Turks) and the Muhammadan forces under Sultan Saladin, a Scottish Crusader, Sir Kenneth, Knight of the Leopard, travelling alone through the scorching desert on the west side of the Dead Sea, encounters a Saracen warrior. The two engage in combat, and after a display of valour and skill on both sides, a peaceful understanding is arrived at. The two warriors then refresh themselves at an oasis, known as the "Diamond in the Desert." It subsequently appears that the Saracen is Saladin himself, and the Knight of the Leopard is a prince, who afterwards became king of Scotland. The third Crusade took place between 1189 and 1192.]

The burning sun of Syria had not yet attained its highest point in the horizon, when a Knight of the Red

Cross, who had left his distant northern home and joined the host of the Crusaders in Palestine, was pacing slowly along the sandy deserts which lie in the vicinity of the Dead Sea, or as it is called, the Lake Asphaltites, where the waves of the Jordan pour themselves into an inland sea, from which there is no discharge of waters.

Crossing himself, as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in colour as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered as he remembered that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain, whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sullen waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean. The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was "brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass growth thereon;" the land as well as the lake might be termed dead, as producing nothing having resemblance to vegetation; and even the very air was entirely devoid of its ordinary winged inhabitants, deterred probably by the odour of bitumen and sulphur, which the burning sun exhaled from the waters of the lake in steaming clouds.

Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendour, and all living nature seemed to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared sole the breathing thing on the wide surface

of the plain. The dress of the rider and the accoutrements of his horse were peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a country. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plaited gauntlets, and a steel breastplate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armour; there was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which he had a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. The Knight also bore, secured to his saddle, with one end resting on his stirrup, the long steel-headed lance, his own proper weapon, which, as he rode, projected backwards, and displayed its little pennoncelle, to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armour, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a couchant leopard, with the motto, 'I sleep—wake me not.' An outline of the same device might be traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his

cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest.

The accoutrements of the horse were scarcely less massive and unwieldy than those of the rider. The animal had a heavy saddle plated with steel, uniting in front with a species of breastplate, and behind with defensive armour made to cover the lines. Then there was a steel axe, or hammer, called a mace of arms, which hung to the saddle-bow ; the reins were secured by chain work, and the front-stall of the bridle was a steel-plate, with apertures for the eyes and nostrils, having in the midst a short, sharp spike, projecting from the forehead of the horse like the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

But habit had made the endurance of this load of panoply a second nature, both to the Knight and his gallant charger.

Nature, which cast his limbs in a mould of uncommon strength, fitted to wear his linked hauberk with as much ease as if the meshes had been formed of cobwebs, had endowed him with a constitution as strong as his limbs, and which bade defiance to almost all changes of climate, as well as to fatigue and privations of every kind. The small train which had followed him from his native country had been gradually diminished, as the means of maintaining them disappeared, and his only remaining squire was at present on a sick-bed, and unable to attend his master, who travelled, as we have seen, singly and alone. This was of little consequence to the Crusader,

who was accustomed to consider his good sword as his safest escort, and devout thoughts as his best companions.

Nature had, however, her demands for refreshment and repose, even on the iron frame and patient disposition of the Knight of the Sleeping Leopard ; and at noon, when the Dead Sea lay at some distance on his right, he joyfully hailed the sight of two or three palm-trees, which arose beside the well which was assigned for his midway station. His good horse, too, which had plodded forward with the steady endurance of his master, now lifted his head, expanded his nostrils, and quickened his pace, as if he snuffed afar off the living waters, which marked the place of repose and refreshment. But labour and danger were doomed to intervene ere the horse or horseman reached the desired spot.

As the Knight of the Couchant Leopard continued to fix his eyes attentively on the yet distant cluster of palm-trees, it seemed to him as if some object was moving among them. The distant form separated itself from the tree, which partly hid its motions, and advanced towards the knight with a speed which soon showed a mounted horse-man, whom his turban, long spear, and green caftan floating on the wind, on his nearer approach, showed to be a Saracen cavalier. "In the desert," saith an Eastern proverb, "no man meets a friend." The crusader was totally indifferent whether the stranger who now approached on his gallant barb, as if borne on the wings of an eagle, came as friend or foe—perhaps, as a vowed champion of the cross, he might have preferred the latter. He disengaged

his lance from the saddle, seized it with the right hand, placed it in rest with its point half elevated, gathered up the reins in his left, waked his horse's mettle with the spur, and prepared to encounter the stranger with the calm self-confidence belonging to the victor in many contests.

The Saracen came on at the speedy gallop of an Arab horseman, managing his steed more by his limbs and the inflection of his body than by any use of the reins, which hung loose in his left hand; so that he was enabled to wield the light round buckler of the skin of the rhinoceros, ornamented with silver loops, which he wore on his arm, swinging it as if he meant to oppose its slender circle to the formidable thrust of the Western lance. His own long spear was not couched or levelled like that of his antagonist, but grasped by the middle with his right hand, and brandished at arm's length above his head. As the cavalier approached his enemy at full career, he seemed to expect that the Knight of the Leopard should put his horse at the gallop to encounter him. But the knight, well-acquainted with the custom of Eastern warriors, did not mean to exhaust his good horse by any unnecessary exertion; and, on the contrary, made a dead halt, confident that, if the enemy advanced to the actual shock, his own weight and that of his powerful charger, would give him sufficient advantage, without the additional momentum of rapid motion. Equally sensible and apprehensive of such a probable result, the Saracen cavalier, when he had approached the knight within twice the length of his lance,

wheeled his steed to the left with inimitable dexterity, and rode twice round his antagonist, who, turning without quitting his ground, and presenting his front constantly to his enemy, frustrated his attempts to attack him on an unguarded point ; so that the Saracen, wheeling his horse, was fain to retreat to a distance of a hundred yards. A second time, like a hawk attacking a heron, the Saracen renewed the charge, and a second time was fain to retreat without coming to a close struggle. A third time he approached in the same manner, when the knight, desirous to terminate this illusory warfare, in which he might at length have been worn out by the activity of his foeman, suddenly seized the mace which hung at his saddle-bow, and with a strong hand and unerring aim, hurled it against the head of the Emir, for such and not less his enemy appeared. The Saracen was just aware of the formidable missile in time to interpose his light buckler between the mace and his head ; but the violence of the blow forced the buckler down on his turban, and though that defence also contributed to deaden its violence, the Saracen was beaten from his horse. Ere the knight could avail himself of this mishap, his nimble foeman sprung from the ground, and calling on his steed, which instantly returned to his side, he leapt into his seat without touching the stirrup, and regained all the advantage of which the Knight of the Leopard hoped to deprive him. But the latter had in the meanwhile recovered his mace, and the Eastern cavalier, who remembered the strength and dexterity with which his antagonist had aimed it, seemed to keep cautiously out of reach of that weapon, of which he had so lately felt the

force, while he showed his purpose of waging a distant warfare with missile weapons of his own. Planting his long spear in the sand at a distance from the scene of combat, he strung, with great address, a short bow which he carried at his back, and putting his horse to the gallop, once more described two or three circles of a wider extent than formerly, in the course of which he discharged six arrows at the knight with such unerring skill that the goodness of his harness alone saved him from being wounded in as many places. The seventh shaft apparently found a less perfect part of the armour, and the knight dropped heavily from his horse. But what was the surprise of the Saracen, when dismounting to examine the condition of his prostrate enemy, he found himself suddenly within the grasp of the European, who had had recourse to this artifice to bring his enemy within his reach. Even in this deadly grapple the Saracen was saved by his agility and presence of mind. He unloosed the sword-belt, in which the knight of the Leopard had fixed his hold, and thus eluding his fatal grasp, mounted his horse, which seemed to watch his motions with the intelligence of a human being, and again rode off. But in the last encounter the Saracen had lost his sword and his quiver of arrows, both of which were attached to the girdle which he was obliged to abandon. He had also lost his turban in the struggle. These disadvantages seemed to incline the Moslem to a truce; he approached the knight with his right hand extended, but no longer in a menacing attitude.

"There is truce betwixt our nations," he said, in the *lingua franca* commonly used for the purpose of communication with the crusaders; "wherefore should there be war betwixt thee and me? Let there be peace betwixt us."

"I am well contented," answered he of the Couchant Leopard; "but what security dost thou offer that thou wilt observe the truce?" "The word of a follower of the Prophet was never broken," answered the Emir. "It is thou, brave Nazarene, from whom I should demand security, did I not know that treason seldom dwells with courage."

The Crusader felt that the confidence of the Moslem made him ashamed of his own doubts.

"By the cross of my sword," he said, laying his hand on the weapon as he spoke, "I will be true companion to thee, Saracen, while our fortune wills that we remain in company together."

"By Mohammed, Prophet of God, and by Allah, God of the Prophet," replied his late foeman, "there is not treachery in my heart towards thee. And now wend we to yonder fountain, for the hour of rest is at hand, and the stream had barely touched my lips when I was called to battle by thy approach."

The Knight of the Couchant Leopard yielded a ready and courteous assent; and the late foes, without an angry look, or gesture of doubt, rode side by side to the little cluster of palm-trees.

(*Sir Walter Scott.*)

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

[Hercules was a Greek hero and demigod, whom tradition reports to have performed many wonderful deeds, of which the most famous were his ' twelve labours. ']

When Hercules was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations.

As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary coming towards him.

One of them had a very noble air and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy; her person clean and unspotted; her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow.

The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial red and white, and endeavoured to appear more than ordinarily graceful in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful assurance in her looks, and much confidence in the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to

Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, and came forward with a regular, composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner: "My dear Hercules," said she, "I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to-pain, and to business."

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered. "My friends and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner. "Hercules," said she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love of virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I

will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping Him; if you would gain the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see, Hercules," said she, "by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, "What are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for all ages. As for me, I am the friend of the gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artisan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of servants, and an associate of all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious;

for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger or thirst. Their slumbers are sound and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintances, esteemed by their country, and after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

(Addison.)

TIGER SHOOTING.

I.

[From the 'Indian Journal' of Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, born 1783, died 1826.]

We set out a little after three on our elephants, with a servant behind each howdah carrying a large umbrella, which, however, was almost needless. The Raja, in spite of his fever, made his appearance too, saying that he could not bear to be left behind. A number of people, on foot and horseback, attended from our own camp and the neighbouring villages, and the same sort of interest and delight was evidently excited which might be produced in England by a great coursing party. The Raja was on a little female elephant, hardly bigger than the Durham one, and almost as shaggy as a poodle. She was a native of

the neighbouring wood, where they are generally, though not always, of a smaller size than those of Bengal and Chittagong. He sat in a low howdah, with two or three guns ranged beside him ready for action. Mr. Boulderson had also a formidable apparatus of muskets and fowling-pieces projecting over his mahout's head. We rode about two miles across a plain covered with long jungle-grass, which very much put me in mind of the country near the Cuban. Quails and wild fowl rose in great numbers, and beautiful antelopes were seen scudding away in all directions. With them our party had no quarrel; their flesh is good for little, and they are in general favourites both with native and English sportsmen, who feel disinclined to meddle with a creature so graceful and so harmless.

At last we came to a deeper and more marshy ground, which lay a little before the tope pointed out to us; and while Mr. Boulderson was doubting whether we should pass through it, or skirt it, some country people came running to say that the tiger had been tracked there that morning. We therefore went in, keeping line as if we had been beating for a hare, through grass so high that it reached up to the howdah of my elephant, though a tall one, and almost hid the Raja entirely. We had not gone far before a very large animal of the deer kind sprang up just before me, larger than a stag, of a dusky-brown colour, with spreading, but not palmated horns. Mr. Boulderson said it was a 'mohr,' a species of elk; that this was a young one, but that they sometimes grew to an immense size, so that he had stood upright between the tips of their

horns. He could have shot it, but did not like to fire at present, and said it was, after all, a pity to meddle with such harmless animals. The mohr accordingly ran off unmolested, rising with splendid bounds up to the very top of the high jungle, so that his whole body and limbs were seen from time to time above it. A little further another rose, which Mr. Boulderson said was the female; of her I had but an imperfect view. The sight of these curious animals had already, however, well repaid my coming out, and from the animation and eagerness of everyone around me, the anxiety with which my companions looked for every waving of the jungle grass, and the continued calling and shouting of the horse and foot behind us, it was impossible not to catch the contagion of interest and enterprise.

At last the elephants all threw up their trunks into the air, began to roar and to stamp violently with their forefeet; the Raja's little elephant turned short round, and in spite of all her mahout could say or do, took up her post, to the Raja's great annoyance, close in the rear of Mr. Boulderson. The other three (for one of my baggage elephants had come out too, the mahout, though unarmed, not caring to miss the show) went on slowly but boldly, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their sagacious little eyes bent intently forward. "We are close upon him," said Mr. Boulderson; "fire where you see the long grass shake, if he rises before." Just at that moment my elephant stamped again violently. "There, there," cried the mahout, 'I saw his head!' A short roar, or rather loud growl, followed, and I saw immediately

before my elephant's head the motion of some large animal stealing away through the grass. I fired as directed, and, a moment after, seeing the motion still more plainly, fired the second barrel. Another short growl followed, the motion was immediately quickened and was soon lost in the more distant jungle. Mr. Boulderson said, "I should not wonder if you hit him that last time; at any rate we shall drive him out of the cover, and then I will take care of him." In fact, at that moment, the crowd of horse and foot spectators at the jungle side began to run off in all directions. We went on to the place, but found it was a false alarm; and, in fact, we had seen all we were to see of him, and went twice more through the jungle in vain. A large extent of high grass stretched out in one direction, and this we had now not sufficient daylight to explore. In fact, that the animal so near me was a tiger at all I have no evidence but its growl, Mr. Boulderson's belief, the assertion of the mahout, and what is perhaps more valuable than all the rest, the alarm expressed by the elephants. I could not help feeling some apprehension that my firing had robbed Mr. Boulderson of his shot, but he assured me that I was quite in rule; that in such sport no courtesies could be observed; and that the animal in fact, rose before me, but that he should himself have fired without scruple if he had seen the rustle of the grass in time. Thus ended my first, and probably my last, essay in the field sports of India, in which I am much mistaken, notwithstanding what Mr. Boulderson said, if I harmed any living creature.

I asked Mr. Boulderson on our return whether tiger hunting was generally of this kind, which I could not help comparing to that chase of bubbles which enables us in England to pursue an otter. In a jungle, he answered, it must always be pretty much the same; inasmuch as, except under very peculiar circumstances, or when a tiger felt himself severely wounded, and was roused to revenge by despair, his aim was to remain concealed, and to make off as quietly as possible. It was after he had broken cover, or when he found himself in a situation so as to be fairly at bay, that the serious part of the sport began, in which case he attacked his enemies boldly, and always died fighting. He added that the lion, though not so large or swift an animal as the tiger, was generally stronger and more courageous. Those which have been killed in India, instead of running away when pursued through a jungle, seldom seem to think its cover necessary at all. When they see their enemies approaching, they spring out to meet them, open-mouthed, in the plain, like the boldest of all animals, a mastiff dog. They are thus generally shot with very little trouble; but if they are missed, or only slightly wounded, they are truly formidable enemies. Though not swift, they leap with vast strength and violence; and their large heads, immense paws, and the great weight of their body forwards, often enable them to spring on the head of the largest elephants, and fairly pull them down to the ground, riders and all. When a tiger springs on an elephant, the latter is generally able to shake him off under his feet, and then woe be to him! The elephant either

kneels on him and crushes him at once, or gives him a kick which breaks half his ribs, and sends him flying perhaps twenty paces. The elephants, however, are often dreadfully torn ; and a large old tiger sometimes clings too fast to be thus dealt with. In this case it often happens that the elephant himself falls, from pain or from the hope of falling on his enemy, and the people on his back are in very considerable danger both from friends and foes ; for Mr. Boulderson said the scratch of a tiger was sometimes venomous, as that of a cat is said to be. But this did not often happen, and in general persons wounded by his teeth or claws, if not killed outright, recovered easily enough.

R. Heber.

II.

[A more experienced sportsman, Sir Samuel Baker, the famous traveller and mighty hunter, relates how he shot a tiger which had long been a terror to the neighbourhood.]

I had advanced about three quarters of a mile into the jungle, and was just about to make a remark to Fazil, the driver of the elephant on which we were seated, when I suddenly stopped. There in front was a lovely sight. About a hundred and twenty yards distant, the head and neck of a large tiger, clean and beautiful, reposed above the surface of a small pool, while the body was cooling beneath. Here was our friend enjoying his quiet bath, while we had been pounding away for hours up and down the jungles which he had left.

The driver, although an excellent man, was much excited. "Fire at him," he whispered. "It is too far to make

sure of hitting him," I replied, in the same undertone. "Your rifle will not miss him: fire, or you will lose him. He will see us and be off. If so, we shall never see him again," continued Fazil. "Hold your tongue," I whispered. "He can't see us; the sun is at our back, and is shining in his eyes—see how green they are."

At this moment the tiger quietly rose from his bath, and sat up on end like a dog. I never saw such a sight. His head was beautiful, and the eyes shone like two green electric lights, as the sun's rays were reflected from them; but his huge body was dripping with muddy water from the pool.

"Now's the time," whispered the over-eager driver. "You can kill him to a certainty. Fire, or he'll be gone in another minute."

"Keep quiet, will you, and don't move till I tell you." For quite a minute the tiger sat up in the same position. At last, as though satisfied that he was in safety, he once more lay down with only the head and neck above the surface.

"Back the elephant gently, but do not turn round," I whispered. Fazil obeyed, and the elephant retired. "Go on now, quite gently, till I press your head, then turn to the right, and go through these trees until I again touch your turban."

I counted the elephant's paces as he moved softly between the trees, until I felt sure of my distance. A slight pressure on the driver's head, and the elephant turned to the right. We moved gently forward, and in a moment

stopped. There was the tiger in the same position, exactly facing me, but now about seventy-five paces distant.

"Keep the elephant quite steady," I whispered, while I took a careful aim. A small branch of a tree kept waving in the wind, just in front of my rifle, beyond my reach. Fazil leaned forward and gently bent it down. Now all was clear. The tiger's eyes were like green glass. The elephant for a moment stood like stone. I touched the trigger.

There was no response to the loud report, no splash on the unbroken surface of the water. The tiger's head was still there but in a different attitude, one half below the surface, and only one cheek, and one large eye glittering like an emerald above.

The bullet had broken the neck, and run along the body, and in consequence the animal had never moved. My elephant now approached, but upon observing the large bright eye of the tiger above water, he concluded that it was still alive. He accordingly made a dashing charge, and taking the body on his tusks he sent it flying some yards ahead. Not content with this triumph, he followed it up, and gave it a football kick that lifted it clean out of the water.

This would have quickly ended in a war dance upon the prostrate body that would have crushed it and destroyed the skin, had not the driver with the iron driving-hook given some warning taps which recalled him to a calmer frame of mind.

(*Sir S. Baker.*)

WARFARE AND BATTLE.

I.

The Soldier's Dream.

1.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

2.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

3.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed, on a desolate track :
'T was autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

4.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

5.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part :
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart :—

6.

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn ;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay,
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

(Campbell.)

II.

The Battle of Hohenlinden.

1.

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

2.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

2.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

3.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven ;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

4.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of unstained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

5.

'Tis morn, but scarce you level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, dark and dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

6.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

7.

Few, few shall part where many meet ;
The snow shall be their winding sheet :
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

(Campbell.)

III.

Waterloo.

1.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

2.

Did ye not hear it ?—no ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the story street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined !
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark ! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.
 Arm ! arm ! it is ! it is !—the cannon's opening roar !

3.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips—"The foe ! They come !
 They come !"

4.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,

The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!
(Byron.)

THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.

In most places where there has been a large Roman colony, remains can be seen of amphitheatres, where the citizens were wont to assemble for diversions. Sometimes these are stages of circular galleries of seats hewn out of the hill-side, where rows of spectators might sit one above the other, all looking down on a broad, flat space in the centre, under their feet, where the representations took place. Sometimes, when the country was flat, or it was easier to build than to excavate, the amphitheatre was raised above ground, rising up to a considerable height.

The grandest and most renowned of all these amphitheatres is the Coliseum at Rome. It was built by Vespasian and his son Titus, the conquerors of Jerusalem, in a valley in the midst of the seven hills of Rome. The captive Jews were forced to labour at it; and the materials, granite outside, and softer travertine stone within, are so solid and so admirably built, that still at the end of eighteen centuries it has scarcely even become a ruin, but remains one of the greatest wonders of Rome.

Five acres of ground were enclosed within the oval of its outer wall, which outside rises perpendicularly in tiers of arches one above another. Within, the galleries of seats projected forwards, each tier coming out far from beyond the one above it, so that between the lowest and the outer wall there was room for a great variety of chambers, passages, and vaults around the central space, called the arena, from the *arena*, or sand, with which it was strewn.

Altogether, when full, this huge building held no fewer than 87,000 spectators. It had no roof; but when there was rain, or if the sun was too hot, the sailors in the porticoes unfurled awnings that ran along upon ropes, and formed a covering of silk and gold tissue over the whole. Purple was the favourite colour for this veil; because, when the sun shone through it, it cast such beautiful rosy tints on the snowy arena and the white purple-edged togas of the Roman citizens.

When the Emperor had seated himself and given the signal, the sports began. Sometimes a rope-dancing elephant would begin the entertainment, by mounting even to the summit of the building and descending by a cord. Then a bear, dressed up as a Roman matron, would be carried along in a chair between porters, as ladies were wont to go abroad, and another bear, in a lawyer's robe, would stand on his hind legs and go through the motions of pleading a cause. Or a lion came forth with a jewelled crown on his head, a diamond necklace round his neck, his mane plaited with gold, and his claws gilded, and played

hundred pretty gentle antics with a little hare that danced fearlessly within his grasp. Then in would come twelve elephants, six males in the toga, six females with the veil and pallium; they took their places on couches around an ivory table, dined with great decorum, playfully sprinkling a little rose-water over the nearest spectators, and then received more guests of their own unwieldy kind, who arrived in ball dresses, scattered flowers, and performed a dance.

Sometimes water was let into the arena, a ship sailed in, and falling to pieces in the midst, sent a crowd of strange animals swimming in all directions. Sometimes the ground opened, and trees came growing up through it, bearing golden fruit. Or the beautiful old tale of Orpheus was acted: these trees would follow the harp and song of the musician; but—to make the whole part complete—it was in no mere play, but in real earnest, that the Orpheus of the piece fell a prey to live bears.

For the Coliseum had not been built for such harmless spectacles as those first described. The fierce Romans wanted to be excited and to feel themselves strongly stirred; and, presently, the doors of the pits and dens round the arena were thrown open and absolutely savage beasts were let loose upon one another—rhinoceroses and tigers, bulls and lions, leopards and wild boars—while the people watched with savage curiosity to see the various kinds of attack and defence; or, if the animals were cowed or sullen, their rage would be worked up—red would be shown to bulls, white to boars, red-hot goads

would be driven into some, whips would be lashed at others, till the work of slaughter would be fairly commenced, and gazed on with greedy eyes, and ears delighted, instead of horror-struck, by the roars and howls of the noble creatures whose courage was thus misused. Sometimes, indeed, when some especially strong or ferocious animal had slain a whole heap of victims, the cries of the people would decree that it should be turned loose in its native forest, and, amid shouts of "A triumph! a triumph!" the beast would prowl round the arena, upon the carcasses of the slain victims. Almost incredible numbers of animals were imported for these cruel sports, and the governors of distant provinces made it a duty to collect troops of lions, elephants, ostriches, leopards—the fiercer or the newer the creature the better—to be thus tortured to frenzy, to make sport in the amphitheatre. However, there was daintiness joined with cruelty: the Romans did not like the smell of blood, though they enjoyed the sight of it, and all the solid stone-work was pierced with tubes, through which was conducted the steam of spices and saffron, boiled in wine, that the perfume might overpower the scent of the slaughter below.

Wild beasts tearing each other to pieces might, one would think, satisfy any taste of horror; but the spectators needed even nobler game to be set before their favourite monsters—men were brought forward to confront them. Some of these were, at first, in full armour, and fought hard, generally with success; and there was a revolving machine, something like a squirrel's cage, in which the

bear was always climbing after his enemy, and then rolling over by his own weight. Or hunters came, almost unarmed, and gained the victory by swiftness and dexterity, throwing a piece of cloth over a lion's head, or disconcerting him by putting their fist down his throat. But it was not only skill, but death, that the Romans loved to see ; and condemned criminals and deserters were reserved to feast the lions, and to entertain the populace with their various kinds of death. Among those condemned was many a Christian martyr, who witnessed a good confession before the savage-eyed multitude around the arena, and " met the lion's gory mane " with a calm resolution and hopeful joy that the lookers-on could not understand. To see a Christian die, with upward gaze and hymns of joy on his tongue, was the most strange and unaccountable sight the Coliseum could offer, and it was therefore the choicest, and reserved for the last of the spectacles in which the brute creation had a part.

The carcases were dragged off with hooks, the blood-stained sand was covered with a fresh clean layer, the perfume was wafted in stronger clouds, and a procession came forward—tall, well-made men, in the prime of their strength. Some carried a sword and a lasso, others a trident and net ; some were in light armour, others in the full heavy equipment of a soldier ; some on horseback, some in chariots, some on foot. They marched in, and made their obeisance to the Emperor ; and with one voice their greeting sounded through the building. " Hail, Cæsar, those about to die salute thee ! "

Fights of all sorts took place, the light-armed soldier and the netsman, the lasso and the javelin, the two heavy-armed warriors, all combinations of single combat, and sometimes a general mêlée.

When a gladiator wounded his adversary, he shouted to the spectators, "He has it!" and looked up to know whether he should kill or spare. If the people held up their thumbs, the conquered was left to recover, if he could; if they turned them down, he was to die: and if he showed any reluctance to present his throat for the death-blow, there was a scornful shout, "Receive the steel!" Many of us must have seen casts of that most touching statue of the wounded gladiator, that called forth the noble lines of indignant pity which, though so often repeated, cannot be passed over here:—

"I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony.
And his drooped head sinks gradually low,
And through his side the last drops ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away.
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,

There were his young barbarians all at play,
 There was their Dacian mother—he their sire
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday.
 All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire,
 And unavenged? Arise, ye goths, and glut your ire!"

Sacred vistsals, tender mothers, fat good humoured senators, all thought it fair play, and were all equally pitiless in the strange frenzy for exciting scenes to which they gave themselves up, when they mounted the stone stairs of the Coliseum.

Christianity, however, worked its way upwards, and at last was professed by the emperor on his throne. Persecution came to an end, and no more martyrs fed the beasts in the Coliseum. The Christian emperors endeavoured to prevent any more shows where cruelty and death formed the chief interest, and no truly religious person could endure the spectacle; but custom and love of excitement prevailed even against the Emperor. And thus it went on for full a hundred years after Rome had, in name, become a Christian city, and the same customs prevailed wherever there was an amphitheatre and pleasure-loving people.

Meantime the enemies of Rome were coming nearer and nearer, and Alaric, the great chief of the Goths, led his forces into Italy, and threatened the city itself. Honorius, the Emperor, was a cowardly, almost idiotical, boy; but his brave general Stilicho assembled his forces, met the Gauls and gave them a complete defeat on Easter-day of the year 403. He pursued them into the mountains to the north of Italy, and for that time saved Rome. In the joy of the

victory the Roman senate invited the conqueror and his ward Honorius to enter the city in triumph, at the opening of the new year, with the white steeds, purple robes, and vermilion cheeks with which, of old, victorious generals were welcomed at Rome. The churches were visited instead of the temple of Jupiter, and there was no murder of the captives; but Roman blood-thirstiness was not yet allayed, and after all the procession had been completed, the Coliseum shows commenced, innocently at first, with races on foot, on horseback, and in chariots; then followed a grand hunting of beasts turned loose in the arena; and next a sword-dance. But after the sword-dance came the arraying of swordsmen, with no blunted weapons, but with sharp spears and swords—a gladiator combat in full earnest. The people, enchanted, applauded with shouts of ecstasy this gratification of their savage tastes. Suddenly, however, there was an interruption. A rude, roughly-robed man, bareheaded and barefooted, had sprung into the arena, and, signing back the gladiators, began to call aloud upon the people to cease from the shedding of innocent blood, and not to requite God's mercy in turning away the sword of the enemy by encouraging murder. Shouts, howls, cries, broke in upon his words; this was no place for preachings the old customs of Rome should be observed—"Back, old man;" "On, gladiators!" The gladiators thrust aside the meddler, and rushed to the attack. He still stood between, holding them apart, striving in vain to be heard. "Sedition! sedition!" "Down with him!" was the cry; and the man in authority, Alypius,

the prefect, himself added his voice. The gladiators, enraged at interference with their vocation, cut him down. Stones, or whatever came to hand, rained down upon him from the furious people, and he perished in the midst of the arena! He lay dead, and then came the feeling of what had been done.

His dress showed that he was one of the hermits who had vowed themselves to a holy life of prayer and self-denial, and who were greatly revered even by the most thoughtless. The few who had previously seen him, told that he had come from the wilds of Asia on pilgrimage, to visit the shrines and keep his Christmas at Rome—they knew he was a holy man—no more, and it is not even certain whether his name was Almachus or Telemachus. His spirit had been stirred by the sight of thousands flocking to see men slaughter one another, and in his simple-hearted zeal he had resolved to stop the cruelty or die. He had died, but not in vain. His work was done. The shock of such a death before their eyes turned the hearts of the people; they saw the wickedness and cruelty to which they had blindly surrendered themselves; and from the day when the hermit died in the Coliseum there has never been another fight of gladiators. Not merely at Rome, but in every province of the Empire, the custom was utterly abolished; and one habitual crime at least was wiped from the earth by the self-devotion of one humble, obscure, almost nameless man.

(C. M. Yonge, "*Book of Golden Deeds.*")

THE AIM OF LIFE.

The question 'Is life worth living?' has often been asked, and many people would answer that it depends on one's fate. Yet this idea of fate, rightly viewed, should not lead a man to despair of himself. There is large scope in this world for the exercise of our will and energy, and we know that practically we are free to act or not act in any particular way. There is nothing to prevent a man believing that it is his fate to make great progress, to exert himself in this life and overcome many adverse circumstances and to become by strong faith and effort mentally rich, happy, useful and in the truest sense successful. In fact, if we believe that the world is ruled by a benevolent Deity, it must follow that such is every man's fate, for it is the will of God regarding him.

But leaving aside these mysteries, which have puzzled men from the beginning of time, let us inquire what it is that we are really to strive after in this life. Is it to get rich? Observation, if not experience, shows that wealth alone cannot confer happiness or make life truly worth living. The all-important thing is not what we *have*, but what we *are*, not possessions but character, not the means of living, but life itself, for "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth." We should think it absurd for a blind man to collect pictures, or for a deaf man to surround himself with musical instruments, and yet there are plenty of people in the world who are doing equally irrational things—gathering up wealth which they can never use, and which they do not know

how to use when they get it. A man's real wealth is not represented by his banking account or his broad acres, but by his power of enjoyment and capacity of appreciation. A wealthy man, no matter how rich he may be, has only his five senses and his own mind and heart wherewith to take in the world. The poor labouring man often enjoys his hard simple fare, seasoned with toil and healthy appetite, better than the wealthy with all their dainties brought from the four corners of the earth. The poor man perhaps does not know this, and may even at times express envy of his more fortunate neighbours, but this only proves how men throw away and neglect their own real good. It also proves that the worth and even the enjoyableness of life do not depend, or depend but little, on outward conditions. Even a poor man with a sane mind and body is far happier and more enviable than a cynic or a wastrel with all the wealth of a croesus. As Milton says

“The mind is its own place, and in itself

“Can make a hell of heaven, a heaven of hell.”

What is the value of life to a man who has spent all his energies and time and thought in the mere process of money-making? He has rendered himself unfit for any real appreciation of life. He has all the *means* of life—wide, interesting, full, noble life—but the faculty to take it in and use it is gone. It is after all a Barmecide banquet, a mere shadow-feast to him. What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own best life?

But after all, the appreciation of poetry, art, and music, and things of that kind, though excellent and delightful

and even very important things in their way, do not constitute the core and centre of life. We would all acknowledge that a man can live a good, happy and useful life without them, and in the end feel that his life had been a success and not a failure. It is not so much the cultivation of the intellect and tastes, but of the *heart*, that is above all needful—the enlightenment of the spirit and the quickening of the conscience. And here again the same law applies, and with deeper, more tragic meaning. A man may be a demigod in intellect and culture, and yet be a worthless and unhappy being. It has been proved again and again. Endowed with all the gifts and the graces that should make life a prize and a delight and glory, a man may utterly and disastrously fail to make any good use of life, or even to enjoy it, for want of *character*—the one thing needful.

“All experience shows that the greatest favours of fortune cannot of themselves make a man happy; nor can the deprivation of them render altogether miserable the possessor of a good conscience and a well regulated mind.”

“Do you ask, then, what you shall aim at in life? We answer: Aim to act well your part; for therein lies all the honour. Every man has a mission to perform in this world, for which his talents precisely fit him; and, having found what that work is, he must throw into it all the energies of his soul, seeking its accomplishment, not his own glory.”

“Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself

within matters that he understands. Having found out what you have to do—whether to lead an army or to fulfil some humble duty, to harangue senates or address juries or prescribe medicines,—do it with your might, because it is your duty, your enjoyment, the very necessity of your being.”

Work.

Let me but do my work from day to day
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place, or tranquil room ;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—
“ This is my work : my blessing, not my doom ;
“ Of all who live, I am the one by whom
“ This work can best be done, in the right way.”
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers ;
Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

(*H. Van Dyke.*)

Trust in God, and do the right.

Courage, brother do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night ;
There's a star to guide the humble—
‘ Trust in God, and do the right ! ’

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely ! strong or weary,
Trust in God, and do the right !

Perish ' policy ' and cunning !
Perish all that fears the light !
Whether losing, whether winning !
" Trust in God, and do the right ! "

Trust no lovely forms of passion ;
Fiends may look like angels bright ;
Trust no custom, ' school,' or fashion—
" Trust in God, and do the right ! "

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding—
" Trust in God, and do the right ! "

Some will hate thee, some will love thee ;
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee—
" Trust in God, and do the right ! "

(*Norman MacLeod.*)

RUSKIN'S SEVEN GOOD RULES.

1. I trust in the living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things and creatures visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law, and the

goodness of His work. And I will strive to love Him and to keep His law, and to see His work while I live.

2. I trust in the nobleness of human nature—in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbour as myself, and even when I cannot, I will act as if I did.

3. I will labour, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread ; and all that my hands find to do, I will do it with my might.

4. I will not deceive, nor cause to be deceived, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor hurt, nor cause to be hurt, any human being for my gain or pleasure ; nor rob, nor cause to be robbed, any human being for my gain or pleasure.

5. I will not kill nor hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing ; but will strive to save and to comfort all gentle life, and guard and perfect all natural beauty upon the earth.

6. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness ; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life.

7. I will obey all the laws of my country faithfully, and the orders of its monarch, so far as such laws and commands are consistent with what I suppose to be the law of God, and when they are not so, or seem in any wise to need change, I will oppose them loyally and deliberately—not with malicious, concealed, or disorderly violence.

(John Ruskin.)

ALEXANDER'S INVASION AND DEATH.

Alexander, son of Philip, King of Macedon, was twenty years old when he came to the throne. On the night of his birth the great temple at Ephesus was burnt to the ground by a man named Erostratus, in the foolish desire of making himself notorious ; and this Alexander in after years liked to consider as an omen that he should himself kindle a flame in Asia.

He traced his descent by his father's side from the hero Hercules, and by his mother's from Achilles ; and throughout his boyhood seems to have lived in a world of the old Greek poetry, sleeping with Homer's works under his pillow, and dreaming of deeds in which he should rival the fame of the victors of Troy. He was placed under the care of Aristotle, the great philosopher, to whom, when Philip had written to announce Alexander's birth, he had said that he knew not whether most to rejoice at having a son, or that his son would have such a teacher as Aristotle.

From him the young Alexander learnt to think deeply, to resolve firmly, and devise plans of government ; by others he was instructed in all the graceful accomplishments of the Greeks ; and under his father he was trained to act promptly. At fourteen he tamed the noble horse Bucephalus, which no one else dared to mount ; two years later he rescued his father in a battle with the Scythians, and commanded the cavalry at the battle of Chaeronea ; but he was so young at the time of his accession, that the

Greeks thought they had nothing to fear from him. However, by a series of well-planned campaigns, Alexander first overcame the opposition of the Greeks, destroying the city of Thebes, and then crossing to Asia defeated the Persian King Darius at the great battle on the banks of the Granicus. Within the next few years (B. C. 331 to 327) he conquered the whole of the immense Persian Empire. In 326 he set out for India, as the region was called round the river Indus. Here the inhabitants were warlike, and Porus, king of a portion of the country, made a brave resistance, but was at length defeated and taken prisoner. On being brought before Alexander, he said he had nothing to ask, save to be treated as a king. "That I shall do for my own sake," said Alexander, and accordingly not only set him at liberty, but enlarged his territory.

All these Indian nations brought a tribute of elephants, which the Macedonians now for the first time learnt to employ in war. Alexander wished to proceed into Hindostan, a country hitherto entirely unknown; but his soldiers grew so discontented at the prospect of being led so much further from home, into the utmost parts of the earth, that he was obliged to give up his attempt, and very unwillingly turned back from the banks of the Sutlej.

While returning, he besieged a little town belonging to a tribe called the Malli, and believed to be the present city of Multan. He was the first to scale the wall, and after four others had mounted, the ladder broke, and he was left standing on the wall, a mark for the darts of the

enemy. He instantly leaped down within the wall into the midst of the Malli, and there setting his back against a fig-tree, defended himself until a barbed arrow deeply pierced his breast, and after trying to keep up a little longer, he sunk, fainting, on his shield. His four companions sprang down after him—two were slain, but the others held their shields over him till the rest of the army succeeded in breaking into the town and coming to his rescue. His wound was severe and dangerous, but he at length recovered, sailed down to the mouth of the Indus, and sent a fleet to survey the Persian Gulf, while he himself marched along the shore. The country was bare and desert, and his army suffered dreadfully from heat, thirst, and hunger, while he readily shared all their privations. A little water was once brought him on a parching day, as a great prize, but since there was not enough for all, he poured it out on the sand, lest his faithful followers should feel themselves more thirsty when they saw him drink alone.

At last he safely arrived at Caramania, from whence he returned to the more inhabited and wealthy parts of Persia, held his court with great magnificence at Susa, and then went to Babylon. Here embassies met him from every part of the known world, bringing gifts and homage; and above all, there arrived from the Greek states the much-desired promise that he should be honoured as a god. He was at the highest pitch of worldly greatness to which mortal man had yet attained, and his designs were reaching yet further; but his hour was come, and at Babylon his pride was to be broken.

In the marshes into which the Euphrates had spread since its channel was altered by Cyrus, there breathed a noxious air, and a few weeks after Alexander's arrival, he was attacked by a fever perhaps increased by intemperance. He bore up against it as long as possible, continued to offer sacrifice daily, though with increasing difficulty, and summoned his officers to arrange plans for his intended expedition; but his strength failed him on the ninth day, and though he called them together as usual, he could not address them. Perhaps he thought in that hour of the prophecy he had heard at Jerusalem, that the empire he had toiled to raise should be divided, for he is reported to have said there would be a mighty contest at his funeral games. He made no attempt to name a successor, but he took off his signet-ring, placed it on the finger of Perdicas, one of his generals, and a short time after expired, in the thirty-third year of his age, and the twelfth of his reign.

There was a voice of wailing throughout the city that night. The Babylonians shut up their houses, and trembled at the neighbourhood of the fierce Greek soldiery, now that their protector was dead: the Macedonians stood to arms all night, as if in presence of the enemy; and when in the morning the officers assembled in the palace council chamber, bitter and irrepressible was the burst of lamentation that broke out at the sight of the vacant throne, where lay the crown, sceptre, and royal robes, and where Perdicas now placed the signet-ring. More deeply than all mourned the prisoner, the aged Sisygambis, mother of

Darius, who had been kindly treated by Alexander, and who now sat down in a corner of her room, refused all entreaties to speak or to eat, and expired five days after Alexander.

Nor did the Persians soon cease to lament the conqueror, who had ruled them more beneficently than their own monarchs had done; their traditions made Alexander a prince of their own, and adorned him with every virtue valued in the East. That he had many great faults is well known, and of course, by the rules of justice, his conquests were but gratifications of his own ambition; but he was a high-minded, generous man, open of heart, free of hand, and for the most part acting up to his knowledge of right; and if unbridled power, talent of the highest order, and glory such as none before or since has ever attained, inflamed his passions and elated him with pride, still it is not for us to judge severely of one who had such great temptations. The first monarch who was ever called the Great, well deserved that title.

(From '*Landmarks of History*.')

HOME DUTIES.

A man's happiness depends largely upon the character of his home. Of one whose inmates behave as they ought, an English poet says,

"Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure."

There is no spot on earth so dear as a well-regulated home. Around it entwined the tenderest recollections. It recalls the sweet tones, the pleasant smile of a beloved mother ; the counsels of a father ; brothers and sisters, the companions of our childhood. Amid misfortune, when the world may frown upon us, home sympathy and love are our support. It has happened, not unfrequently, that men, who by their talents have raised themselves to the highest offices of state, have, in their old age, forsaken the splendour of the capital, and gone to spend the last years of their life in their native village.

It is true that the above remarks apply only to a family where love reigns. There are many homes with which no pleasing thoughts are associated. This arises from the misconduct of the members, for the family relationship is one of the greatest provisions made by God for man's temporal happiness.

Our parents are our greatest earthly benefactors. Under God they are the authors of our being, and the channel through which nearly all our blessings flow. Hence, our duty to our parents comes next to our duty to God. 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' is the first command, so far as our fellow-beings are concerned. Upon its observance or neglect, our temporal happiness or misery very largely depends.

This duty does not depend upon the character or disposition of parents. The command is to honour them because they are parents, not on account of any moral quality they may possess. It sometimes happens that

parents, who have had little learning themselves, have made very self-denying efforts to secure a good education for their children. Young men, under such circumstances, are very apt to look down upon their parents. But moral virtues are of far higher value than literary attainments. The father, in true worth, may be greatly superior to his son. Besides, the son owes all that he possesses to the affection of his father. Under such circumstances, the latter is only the more entitled to honour.

Children should be careful about the manner in which they speak of their parents. They should not talk about their faults; they should not mention them lightly, but seek to render their parents respectable in the eyes of others.

A son who loves his parents will seek to do whatever will please them, and avoid whatever gives them pain. The happiness of his parents is, to a large extent, in his keeping. 'A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother.' 'Sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.' A father may be rich and prosperous, but an ungrateful, wicked son will cast a dark shadow over all. On the other hand, affectionate, well-behaved children supply the want of riches, and sweeten the cup of affliction.

If the son is away from home, he should act as he would if still under the parental roof. There should be great care in money matters. Some selfish young men take advantage of the absence of their parents to ask for more money than is really necessary, that they may spend it on

pleasure. Though parents may be defrauded in this way, by far the greatest sufferers are the young men themselves. They are acquiring habits which will be most prejudicial in after-life.

A weekly letter should be sent home. A son at a distant place is often thought about and talked about by his parents, his brothers, and sisters. It affords them great pleasure to learn how he is getting on. Some young men write only when they want anything, or their letters are short, heartless, and unfrequent. Write weekly, and let your letters be full and affectionate. Observance of this rule will be a check to many evil habits, and prove a powerful incentive to duty. It is a very bad sign when a young man neglects to write to his parents. Want of time is no excuse ; it arises from want of will.

Gratitude demands that children should honour their parents. With what care and anxiety parents nurse and watch by day and night over their children when they are feeble and helpless infants ! How readily they sacrifice their rest, their comfort, their pleasures for the sake of their children ; how they toil and save to provide for all their wants ! children should often think upon the self-denying love of their parents, and show their gratitude by their conduct.

Filial obedience promotes the welfare of the children themselves. An undutiful son cannot be happy. Uneasiness, misery, and remorse dwell within him ; while the affectionate child has, so far, the approval of a good conscience. Habits of self-restraint and submission to

authority fit a man for greater usefulness in society: they secure for him that respect and confidence which pave the way to success.

“Remember,” it has been observed, “remember that the character you form in your family will, in all probability, follow you through life. As you are regarded by your own brothers and sisters at home, so, in a great measure, you will be regarded by others, when you leave your father’s house. If you are manly, kind, and courteous at home, so you will continue to be; and these traits of character will always make you beloved. But if you are peevish, ill-natured, harsh, and uncourteous, or overbearing, at home, among your own brothers and sisters, so will you be abroad; and instead of being beloved, you will be disliked and shunned.”

(*Dr. J. Murdoch.*)

CASABIANCA.

1.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle’s wreck
Shone round him o’er the dead.

2.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

3.

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

4.

He called aloud—Say, father, say,
If yet my task is done ? '
He know not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

5.

Speak, father ! once again he cried,
' If I may yet be gone ! '
—And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

6.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair ;
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave, despair.

7.

And shouted but once more aloud,
' My father ! must I stay ? '
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

8.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

9.

There came a burst of thunder sound—

The boy—oh ! where was he ?

—Ask of the winds that far around

With fragments strewed the sea !

10.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,

That well had borne their part—

But the noblest thing that perished there

Was that young faithful heart.

(Felicia Hemans).

THE STORY OF ALNASCHAR.

The barber continued :

My fourth brother, Alnaschar, was cropped of his ears, O Prince of the Faithful. He was a pauper, who begged alms by night and subsisted upon what he thus acquired by day ; and our father was a very old man, and he fell sick and died, leaving to us seven hundred pieces of silver, of which each of us took his portion, namely, a hundred pieces.

Now my fifth brother, when he had received his share, was perplexed, not knowing what to do with it ; but while he was in this state it occurred to his mind to buy with it all kinds of articles of glass, and to sell them and make profit. So he bought glass with his hundred pieces of silver, and put it in a large tray, and sat upon an elevated place to sell it, having his back against a wall.

And as he sat he meditated, and said within himself: 'Verily, my whole stock consisteth of this glass. I will sell it for two hundred pieces of silver, and with the two hundred I will buy other glass, which I will sell for four hundred; and thus will I continue buying and selling until I have acquired great wealth. Then with this I will purchase all kinds of merchandise, and essences, and jewels, and so obtain vast gain. After that I will buy a handsome house, and mamlouks, and horses, and gilded saddles; and I will eat and drink, and I will not leave in the city a single singer, but I will have him brought to my house that I may hear his songs.'

All this he calculated with the tray of glass lying before him. "Then," said he, "I will send to seek in marriage for me the daughters of kings and viziers, and I will demand as my wife the daughter of the chief vizier, for I have heard that she is endowed with perfect beauty and surprising loveliness; and I will give as her dowry a thousand pieces of gold. If her father consent, my wish is attained; and if he consent not, I will take her by force, in spite of him.

"Then I will purchase the apparel of kings and sultans, and cause to be made for me a saddle of gold set with jewels; after which I will ride every day upon a horse, with slaves behind me and before me, and go about through the streets and markets to amuse myself, while the people will salute and pray for me.

"Then I will pay a visit to the vizier, who is the father of the maiden, with mamlouks behind me and before

me and on my right and on my left; and when he seeth me he will rise to me in humility and seat me in his own place and he himself will sit down below me, because I am his son-in-law. I will then order one of the servants to bring a purse containing the pieces of gold which compose the dowry, and he will place it before the vizier, and I will add to it another purse, that he may know my manly spirit and excessive generosity, and that the world is contemptible in my eye; and when he addresseth me with ten words I will answer him with two.

“And I will return to my house; and when any person cometh to me from the house of the vizier I will clothe him with a rich dress; but if any come with a present I will return it; I will certainly not accept it. Then, on the day of the wedding, I will attire myself in the most magnificent of my dresses, and sit upon a mattress covered with silk; and when my wife cometh to me, like the full moon, decked with her ornaments and apparel, I will command her to stand before me, as stand the timid and abject; and I will not look at her on account of the haughtiness of my spirit and the gravity of my wisdom.

“Then the maids will say: ‘This, thy wife, or rather thy handmaid, awaiteth thy kind regard, and is standing before thee; then graciously bestow on her one glance, for the posture hath become painful to her.’ Upon this I will raise my head, and look at her with one glance, and again incline my head downward.

“Then I will look at her through the corner of my eye, and command her to remain standing before me, that she may taste the savour of humiliation, and know that I am the Sultan of the age. Then her mother will say to me : ‘Oh my master, this is thy handmaid ! Have compassion upon her and be gracious to her.’ And she will order her to fill a cup with wine, and to put it to my mouth. So her daughter will say : ‘Oh my lord, I beg thee that thou reject not the cup from thy slave ; for verily I am thy slave.’ But I will make her no reply ; and she will urge me to take it, and will say, ‘It must be drunk,’ and will put it to my mouth : and upon this I will shake my hand in her face, and spurn her with my foot, and do thus.”

So saying he kicked the tray of glass, which, being upon a place elevated above the ground, fell, and all that was in it broke ; there escaped nothing ; and he cried out and said : ‘All this is the result of my pride !’ and he slapped his face and tore his clothes, the passengers gazing at him while he wept, and exclaimed “Ah, oh, my grief !”

(From the “Arabian Nights.”)

THOROUGHNESS.

The magic charm by which success in every department of life may be attained is expressed in the brief injunction “Be thorough,” or in the words of Scripture, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” Of an ancient king it is written that “in every work that he began, he did it with his heart and prospered.” This

thoroughness is an important part of moral character, in many ways the most important of all. It depends in the first place on energy and power of concentration, two qualities without which no true success is possible, and which we should therefore cherish in ourselves as much as we can. "The longer I live," says a modern writer, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy, invincible determination a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world ; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it."

The opposite quality to thoroughness or decision of character is what we call half-heartedness, a trick of doing one's work without feeling true interest in it or applying oneself heartily to it. There is a large class of people who perform their duties in a careless and indifferent way, because they selfishly think that it is not worth their while to exert themselves. Why should they labour hard in the service of a master, when they know that the credit of the work or the profits of the business will go to him, and not to themselves ? Why should they worry themselves over other people's interests ? But this kind of perfunctory work and love of ease is probably the most frequent cause of failure in practical life. A man's character is soon found out by his employers, or by the public which he serves. Diligence, application, energy, find their proper place and reward before long, if not in outward

rewards and the riches of this world, yet most surely in the esteem and regard of our fellowmen, and in that sense of duty fulfilled which is after all the greatest of treasures. "Character," says Smiles, "is the noblest of possessions. It is an estate in the general goodwill and respect of men ; and they who invest in it, though they may not become rich in this world's goods, will find their reward in esteem and reputation honourably won. And it is right that in life good qualities should tell, that industry, virtue, and goodness should rank the highest, and that the really best men should be foremost." And lest it should be imagined that this strength of moral character is a mere gift of nature, apart from a man's own effort and strivings, the same writer goes on to say, " The best sort of character, however, cannot be formed without effort. There needs the exercise of constant self-watchfulness, self-discipline, and self-control. There may be much faltering, stumbling, and temporary defeat ; difficulties and temptations manifold to be battled with and overcome ; but if the spirit be strong and the heart upright, no one need despair of ultimate success. The very effort to advance, to arrive at a higher standard of character than we have reached, is inspiring and invigorating ; and even though we may fall short of it, we cannot fail to be improved by every honest effort made in an upward direction."

The only way in which to attain excellence in any branch of learning, art, or industry is by the exercise of perseverance, and by bringing all the faculties to bear on the matter in hand, however trifling it may appear, so

long as it bears relation to the main object of our pursuit. Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well, "Trifles make up perfection, and perfection is no trifle." To do well each thing that we undertake is the way to excel. A slipshod, careless method of work is almost worse than none, because it leads to sham and pretence of all kinds. It produces men who fancy themselves to know subjects of which they are really ignorant; windy, shallow persons who value themselves highly because they can chatter on a variety of subjects of which they possess the merest smattering. It produces workmen of all kinds, whether belonging to the highest professions or to the humblest crafts, who scamp their duties, and are mere cumberers of the ground, filling the places which ought to be occupied by honest men.

The virtue of thoroughness should extend to the minutest particulars and be the foundation of all progress from the very beginning. In our reading of books, for instance, the student should early accustom himself to observe minutely the meaning and proper use of all the terms with which he meets. As Ruskin says, "You must get into the habit of looking intensely at words and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. You might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly illiterate, uneducated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many

languages—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely ; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any, — not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports ; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person : so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilised nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.”

It is this love of accuracy that makes, not only the gentleman, but also the efficient man and the practical worker. Punctuality, order, method, the careful arrangement of one's time, and the determination never to be idle, are all involved in the ideal of thoroughness. To attain in any worthy measure to this standard, a young man must have a deeply religious sense of the value and seriousness of life and the reality of duty. “ The best preventive against idleness,” says Professor Blackie, “ is to start with the deep-seated conviction of the earnestness of life. Whatever men may say of the world, it is certainly no stage for trifling ; in a scene where all are at work idleness can lead only to wreck and ruin. ‘ Life is short, art long,

opportunity fleeting, experiment slippery, judgment difficult.' These are the first words of the medical aphorisms of the wise Hippocrates ; they were set down as a significant sign at the porch of the benevolent science of healing more than 500 years B. C. ; and they still remain the wisest text which a man can take with him as a directory into any sphere of effective social activity."

FRIENDSHIP, HOME AND COUNTRY.

I.

The Light of Other Days.

1.

Oft in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me :
 The smiles, the tears
 Of boyhood's years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone,
 Now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken.
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

2.

When I remember all
 The friends so linked together
 I've seen around me fall
 Like leaves in wintry weather,
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed !
 Thus in the stilly night
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.

(Moore.)

II.

The Graves of a Household.

1.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
 They filled one home with glee ;
 Their graves are severed, far and wide,
 By mount, and stream, and sea.

2.

The same fond mother bent at night
 O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
 She had each folded flower in sight, —
 Where are those dreamers now ?

3.

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid,—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

4.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one ;
He lies where pearls lie deep :
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

5.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

6.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fanned ;
She faded 'mid Italian flowers,—
The last of that bright band.

7.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

8.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth,—
Alas for Love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, O Earth !

(*Mrs. Hemans.*)

III.

The Patriot.

1. Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land !"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
5. As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand !
If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
10. Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down,
15. To the vile dust, from whence he sprung
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

(Sir Walter Scott.)

IV.

One's Native Land.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serener light
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
 For, in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of our so favoured race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
 Here woman reigns—the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life.
 In the clear heaven of her delightful eye
 An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
 Around her knees domestic duties meet,
 And household pleasures gambol at her feet.
 Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
 Art thou a man ? a patriot ? Look around !
 O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
 That land thy Country, and that spot thy Home.

(*James Montgomery.*)

V.

Our Country.

I.

Together for our country now we pray ;
 Give her good speed upon her ancient way ;
 And for her broadening world a brighter day,
 Till all men prosper that her laws obey.

2.

God save the king, and all of honoured name !
May virtue shine in them with stedfast flame :
Let worthy deeds inspire the tongue of fame,
And dark designs be foiled and put to shame !

3.

God save the people and their houses all—
The thriving, striving folk, both great and small ;
And let us on Thy love with one voice call,
When the sun rises, and the shadows fall,

(*T. T. Lynch.*)

THE END.

NOTES.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER.

The king of the Greek gods, Zeus or Jupiter, pays a visit to the earth, accompanied by the messenger of the Gods, Mercury, or as he is here playfully named, Quicksilver. As they wander in disguise, the wicked and inhospitable inhabitants of a certain village illtreat and abuse them, but they find refuge in the humble cottage of an excellent old couple, Philemon and Baucis. In return for their welcome, the deities endow their milk-pitcher with the magical property of supplying an inexhaustible fountain of milk, and next morning cause the village to be overwhelmed by a lake, and, as they disappear from view, the cottage of Philemon is transformed into a beautiful marble palace, in which he and his wife are spared long to live happily, afterwards being changed into two venerable trees, whose boughs lovingly intermingle. The special attribute of Jupiter in Greek mythology was his thunder-bolt and power over the elements; while Mercury or Hermes was distinguished by the wings on his heels and his curious magical staff or *caduceus*. The residence of the gods was supposed to be mount Olympus, a snow-covered range in Greece. The food of the gods was ambrosia (*amrita*), and their drink nectar.

- P. 1. **Patting them on the head**—praising and encouraging them.
- P. 2. **Distaff**—for spinning.
- P. 6. **Took him across the muzzle**—struck his nose.
- P. 10. **Quicksilver**—a play on the name Mercury. The metal gets its name from its active and unstable properties, the character of the deity Mercury being nimbleness, as the messenger of the gods.
- P. 11. **Ask the thunder**—the thunderbolt was the weapon or attribute of Jupiter.

- P. 11. **Everything**at heart—his deepest feelings and interests.
 P. 12. **Nectar and ambrosia**—see preliminary remarks.
 P. 13. **Taken up**—occupied, engaged.
 P. 19. **Their spirits melted into his**—a sympathy grew up between them and him.
 P. 22. **Scaly set**—bad lot, wicked gang. *Scaly* suggests the idea of a reptile, a low and base character.
 P. 24. **Curmudgeon**—mean, miserly person.
 P. 24. **Over night**—the previous or preceding night, the night before.

FROM THE SANSKRIT.

- No. 1. p. 26. **Their lustrous phase**—referring to the bright fortnight.
 No. 2. p. 26. **Bears**—bears away.
 No. 2. p. 26. **Disease**—is called the charioteer of Death because it brings death to men.
 No. 15. p. 28. This is related of the bird called Titiva or Titiya.
 No. 21. p. 29. **Looms**—appears.

INDIAN HANDICRAFTS.

- P. 31. **The aristocracy of intellect**—the most cultured and accomplished people, who are fit for the highest society.
Latent—Present, though not seen or easily recognised.
 P. 32. **Lively**—rather *livelily*, in a life-like manner.
 P. 32. **Standishes**—ink-stands.
 P. 32. **Turned**—shaped on the turning-lathe.
 P. 33. **An exposed rise of ground**—An open mound.
 P. 33. **Acacia trees**—Babul.
 P. 34. **Titian's canvas**—the pictures of Titian, a great Italian artist, who lived from 1477 to 1576.
 P. 34. **Panathenaic freize**—figures in relief carved on the Parthenon at Athens, a celebrated temple built about 440 B. C.
 P. 34. **The moaning plain**—The surrounding land which resounds with the moaning or 'mooring' of the cattle.

AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Reginald Heber was Bishop of Calcutta from 1823 to 1826.

He here describes a boat journey along the Ganges.

- P. 35. l. 3. **Tamarind**—the imli tree.
- l. 6. **The tiny frigate**—the boat. A frigate is a large war-ship.
- l. 7. **Charcoal gleams**—the light of a charcoal fire.
- l. 9. **The wood**—the trees.
- The village green**—English villages are built around a grassy space called the 'green.' Here it means simply the villagers.
- l. 22. **'Midst nature's embers**—in dry and hot places.
- P. 36. l. 2. **Geranium**—a flower with bright red blooms.
- l. 7. **Ananas**—called in English the pine-apple.
- l. 16. **Yet who in Indian bowers, etc.**—referring to the English people residing in India.
- It means, 'yet who is there who has stood...and has not thought.'
- l. 17. **Good green-wood**—pleasant forests; a phrase of English ballad poetry.
- l. 19. **Hazel and hawthorn glade**—groves of nut trees and flowering thorns.
- l. 22. **A truce to thought**—away with sad reflections!
- P. 37. l. 15. **Philomel**—the nightingale—a Greek name for the bird.
- P. 37. l. 25. **Even here**—though far away from home.
- P. 37. l. 26. **The bounteous sire**—our merciful Heavenly Father.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN.

I.—SOCRATES.

- P. 38. **Alcibiades**—a famous Athenian Statesman, B. C. 450 to 404; a friend of Socrates, but rather dissolute in his manners.
- P. 38. **The Victoria Cross**—a decoration given to soldiers of the British army for deeds of distinguished bravery.

- P. 38. **Xenophon**—Athenian general and historian, B. C. 436 to 355, about.

He was a disciple of Socrates and wrote a biography of him, known as 'Memorabilia.'

- P. 39. **Aristippus**—a Greek philosopher, founder of the Cyrenaic School. A disciple of Socrates, but differed widely from his teaching, making sensual happiness the chief good. B. C. 424 to 356, about.

- P. 40. **Crito**—an Athenian from whom one of Plato's dialogues is named.

- P. 40. **Absolute**—perfect, abstract, freed from temporary conditions.

II.—COLUMBUS.

- P. 42. **Franciscans**—an order of friars or ascetics founded by St. Francis of Assisi in Italy about 1210.

- P. 43. **The theory of an antipodes**—The idea that the earth is round, and that consequently there are men living on its other side under our feet, as it were. Antipodes means "opposite to our feet."

- P. 43. **The king of England**—Henry VII.

Queen Isabella—Spain at that period was for the first time made a united kingdom by the marriage of Ferdinand V, king of Aragon with Isabella, heiress of Castile.

- P. 43. **Caravelles**—also spelt caravel and carvel, small Spanish ships.

- P. 45. **Mysteriously informed spirit**—His mind which seemed to be endowed with knowledge or insight of a wonderful kind.

- P. 46. **His frock**—his long coat or outer garment.

III.—THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

- P. 47. **The Bayard of England**—a French knight, Pierre de Terrail, chevalier Bayard, was said to be "Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche"—the knight without fear or reproach. He died in 1524. Hence a blameless and noble warrior.

- P. 48. **Cavalliers**—those who took the side of the king in the great struggle with the Parliament.
- P. 48. **On the Douro etc.**—These battles were fought in the Peninsular war, 1808-1812, in which an English army was assisting the Spaniards against Napoleon.
- P. 48. **Massena**—one of Napoleon's generals.
- P. 49. **His lines at Torres Vedras**—in 1810 Wellington had but a small force at his disposal to meet the French general Massena in the field and in order to have a defensible position to which he might retire in case of need, he threw up three lines of earth-works across the peninsula which lies between the Tagus and the sea. "The first was intended to stop Massena for a time, the second to form the main defence after the first had been abandoned: the third to protect the British embarkation, if it were found necessary to leave Portugal." The result was that the French army was starved and had to leave Portugal.
- P. 50. **Talavera**—here Wellington defeated the French in 1809.
- P. 51. **The assault of Badajoz**--a strong fortress in Portugal besieged by Wellington in 1811-12. The slaughter of British troops was immense.
- P. 52. **Cuesta**—a Spanish general.
- P. 53. **Soult**—was one of Napoleon's marshals in Spain.
- P. 54. **Blucher**—the commander of the Prussian army which co-operated with Wellington in the Waterloo campaign.
- P. 55. **Kellerman**—a French marshal.

IV.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

- P. 56. Newton was born in 1642 and died in 1727. He was the greatest of English natural philosophers, and on his tomb at Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire are inscribed the lines by Alexander Pope;
- "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night;
God said, 'Let Newton be!' and all was light."

A PSALM OF LIFE.

P. 59. v. 1. Numbers—verse, poetry.

For the soul, etc.—to regard life as a dream implies that we are sleeping, but to sleep is not to live, but rather to be in a half-dead condition. Life is not so.

Things are not what they seem—there is a meaning and reality underlying all the appearances of life. They exist for a purpose, namely to train and discipline our souls.

P. 60. v. 4. Art is long, etc.—our human life is short, while the acquisition of knowledge and skill requires a long period.

Muffled drums—at a soldier's funeral the drums are muffled, that is, the sound is made low and soft. This sound is compared to the beating of the heart, which beating serves as a kind of musical accompaniment in our funeral procession—life being regarded as a "march to the grave."

v. 5. Bivouac—temporary camp on a march. This expresses the shortness of life.

v. 6. Let the dead past, etc.—do not dwell too much on the past, or waste time in grieving over past faults and failures. An indirect reference to the New Testament, Mathew 8, 22.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

(P. 61.)

v. 1. Curfew—a bell rung in some English villages or towns at 7 p. m. (or sometimes 8.) A survival of an old custom said to have been instituted by William I, as a signal to put out all fires.

Tolls the knell, etc.—(the 'knell' is the ringing of the church bell at a funeral,) gives notice of the death or end of the day. **Parting**--departing.

Leaves the world, etc.—leaves me alone in the dark.

- v. 2. **Wheels his droning flight**—circles in the air making a booming or buzzing noise.

Drowsy tinklings—soothing sound of sheep-bells.

- v. 3. **Ivy-mantled**—covered with ivy (a creeper).

- v. 4. **Cell**—grave.

Forefathers of the hamlet—villagers of former generations.

- v. 5. **Incense-breathing**—fragrant, whose sweet scent rises as an offering to God.

Horn—hunter's horn or bugle, as they ride out early to hunt the fox.

- v. 7. **Stubborn glebe**—stiff earth or field

Team—pair of horses for ploughing or other work.

- v. 8. **Ambition**—ambitious, proud men.

Grandeur—great people, men of high rank.

Annals—history or story.

- v. 9. **The boast of heraldry**—the claims of high birth.

Heraldry is the science which deals with the history and arms, armorial bearings, etc. of noble families.

The inevitable hour—the hour of death.

- v. 10. **If memory, etc.**—if their memory is not perpetuated by stately monuments and inscriptions in great churches or cathedrals, where splendid music is performed in Divine service.

Long-drawn aisle—the lengthy divisions of the church between rows of pillars.

Fretted vault—stone or wooden roof richly ornamented within with carvings.

Pealing anthem—loud resounding hymn or piece of sacred music.

- v. 11. **Storied urn**—tombs are often surmounted by a marble urn or ornamental vessel as though to contain the ashes of the dead in the Roman manner. *Storied* means inscribed, bearing an inscription which gives the story, title, achievements, etc. of the deceased. *Animated bust*. Life-like statue, representing the head and shoulders of the person, and placed over the tomb.

Its mansion—the body of the deceased.

Can Honour's voice, etc.—the high rank which they held is of no avail to call them back to life, and the flattering praises inscribed on their tombs cannot please them now.

- v. 12. **Heart ..fire**—some man of genius.

Waked ..lyre—written immortal poems. The *lyre* or harp symbolises poetry. *Living*. The poet's lyre is his heart or soul, and the souls of his fellow-men.

- v. 13. **But knowledge, etc.**—for want of education they remained unknown and ineffectual, and poverty prevented them from rising above the common level.

The spoils of time—all the fruits of past effort in science, literature and art.

The genial ..soul—literally their heart's blood, that is, their genius and powers of mind.

- v. 15. **Village-Hampden**—peasant who had in him the noble courage of a Hampden. John Hampden (1594-1643), a patriot who resisted the unjust attempt of Charles I of England to exact 'Ship-money.' He fell in the battle of Chalgrove Field. The villager is here supposed to show the same courage in resisting the local tyrant or landowner, as Hampden showed in resisting the Crown.

Milton—John Milton, one of England's greatest poets, and the author of "Paradise Lost." (1608-1674.)

Cromwell—Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector of Britain during the time of the Commonwealth. Born 1599, died 1658.

Guiltless . . . blood—who had not shed the blood of his countrymen in civil war, as Cromwell did.

v. 16. **Read . . . eyes**—to see themselves admired by a whole nation.

v. 17. **Circumscribed**—limited, prevented the growth of.

v. 18. **The struggling, etc.**—to silence the voice of their own conscience, to become shameless, or (as poets) to flatter the rich and great.

The Muse—is the spirit or genius of poetry.

v. 19. **The madding crowd**—the foolish multitude or public. The construction is "(Living) far from the follies of the world, their sober wishes never learned to wander (from their homes and appointed duties.)"

Along the cool, etc.—they lived quietly and without seeking change or excitement. **Sequestered**—secluded, quiet. **Tenor**—course.

v. 20. **Frail memorial**—slight monument, as a stone slab or cross.

Uncouth rhymes—rude unpolished verses.

Implores . . . sigh—asks the passer-by to devote a sigh to their memory.

v. 21. **The unlettered Muse**—some uneducated writer.

Holy text—verse or sentence from the Bible inscribed on the gravestone. *She, i. e.* the unlettered Muse.

The rustic morallist—the villager who thus receives moral instruction from reading these inscriptions. The expression is rather peculiar. **To die**—how to prepare his soul for death.

- v. 22. For what man ever left this world, in which joy and sorrow are so strangely mingled, without feeling some regret ?

To dumb . . . a prey—entirely forgotten after his death.
Being—life.

- v. 23. In dying, even the poorest depend on some friend or relative to pay the last sad duties, and even after death they, from their graves, ask for some slight notice or sympathy, (by means of these grave stones and inscriptions.)

Pious drops—tears of affection or filial duty.

Closing eye—i. e., of the dying person.

Voice of nature—natural desire or feeling.

Even . . . fires—even when we are dead some indication of our natural feelings remains, as in tombs and inscriptions.

THE AIR.

- P. 67. The orb of day—the sun.

” The gas which vivifies, etc.—oxygen.

” That which has been polluted, etc.—carbonic acid gas.

- P. 68. Makes the whole world kin—relates and connects all parts of the earth. Shakspeare speaks of the “one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,” but in a different sense.

CREATION'S SONG.

- P. 69. v. 1. Firmament—the region of the air.

Ethereal—formed of ether, the fine atmosphere or gaseous substance which fills space.

Spangled—covered with small sparkling ornaments ; here referring to the stars.

Original—creator, source.

- v. 2. **Spread the truth**—the truth, namely, that they are the work of God.
- v. 3. An allusion to the 19th Psalm. The whole poem indeed is but a paraphrase of the opening words of that Psalm :

“The heavens declare the glory of God ;
And the firmament showeth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night showeth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language ;
Their voice cannot be heard.
(Yet) their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.”

—(Revised Version.)

THE RAMAYANA.

- P. 71. **The famous horse sacrifice**—a great and elaborate sacrifice which was performed by kings who claimed to rule over the whole of India.

THE VOYAGE OF THE ‘BEAGLE.’

- P. 76. Charles Darwin, born in 1809, died 1882, an eminent naturalist, best known for his work on the Origin of Species, and the Evolution theory which bears his name.
- P. 77. **Chameleon**—a kind of tree-lizard which has the power of changing its colour to suit surrounding objects.
- P. 79. **Estancias**—grazing farms, cattle estates.
Promethean matches—a kind of lucifer matches, so called from Prometheus, who was fabled by the Greeks to have stolen fire from heaven.
- P. 80. **The Guachos**—a mixed Spanish-Indian tribe in S. America.

- *P. 82. **Within hail**—near enough to speak or communicate.
 " **Guanaco**—a South American quadruped allied to the alpaca and llama, wool bearing animals.
- P. 84. **The Caffres**, or Kafirs, a tribe in South Africa.
Lagoon island—coral island consisting of a ring of coral rock enclosing a kind of lake—also called atoll.
Linear—narrow, like a line.
- P. 87. **Junk**—substance, usually consisting of old ropes or cables, used for filling up cracks between the planks of a ship etc.
- P. 88. "And the sound of their wings, etc." See Bible, Revelation 9, 9.

A SWARM OF LOCUSTS IN NORTHERN AFRICA.

- P. 88. **Innumerable**—innumerable, countless.
- P. 90. **The triclinium**—the Romans used to recline on three couches (triclinium) placed around the table at dinner.
Tesselated pavement—a pavement formed by arranging differently coloured tiles or stones in patterns and figures.

AN EASTERN MISCELLANY.

- P. 91. **Ill habit**—bad condition or state of health.
- P. 92. **The cadi**—the judge of a town or village, under the Turkish Government.
- P. 93. **Æsop**—the author, or supposed relater, of a collection of Greek fables. He is said to have been a Phrygian slave.
 " **Cyclopean**—the Cyclopes were a mythical race of giants with one eye in the centre of the forehead (hence the name which means Round-eye.) Certain great walls in Greece were supposed to have been built by them.
- P. 94. **Saadi**—a famous poet of Shiraz, author of the Gulistan, Bustan, etc. Born about 1175 A. D. and died in 1291.
- " **Timur or Tamerlane** (Timur Lang, or the lame) a Tartar chief who invaded India and destroyed the Tuglak dynasty in 1398 A. D.

- P. 95. **Ahalaya Bai**—wife and widow of Mahar Rao Holkar, who died in 1767. She ruled by herself till 1795.
- P. 98. **Lukman**—an Arabian fabulist, supposed to be the same as the Greek maker of fables, Aesop, a slave in Samos in the 6th century B. C.

INDIAN SCENES.

- P. 101. **Gairsoppah...falls**—in the Western Ghats, about 100 miles South of Goa.
- P. 102. **Niagara**—the river Niagara flows from Lake Erie into Lake Ontario in Canada. It has a double or divided fall, about 150 feet high.
- P. 105. **Ruins of a former world**—as a matter of fact, geologists state that the Himalayas are a comparatively modern range, not yet much denuded.

A PERSIAN GARLAND.

I.—HOW SAADI CAME TO WRITE THE GULISTAN.

In this poem the poet relates first how he lamented his negligence in not publishing some literary work, and then goes on to describe the incident which suggested to him the writing of the Gulistan. He saw one day how fond his friend was of flowers, so he resolved to make for him a collection of poetical blooms which should be an enduring delight, "a thing of beauty" "a joy for ever."

II.—THE POET'S INVITATION.

- P. 111. **Woos the spiritual rose**—his aim is moral improvement, the development of spiritual character in his readers.

III.—THE VISION.

- P. 111. **Mahmud Sabaktagin**—Sultan of Ghazni, conquerer in India, 971 to 1030 A. D.
- Resolved**—explained.
- Naushirvan**—a king of Persia, also called Khosru (531-579).
- Ere voices, etc.**—before the report of thy death goes abroad, i. e., in thy life-time.

V.—INDEPENDENCE.

- P. 113. **Hatim Tai**—a generous Arab chief, of whom many stories are related.

VI.—A LESSON.

A son complains to his father that the teachers of religion and morals are faulty and inconsistent, and that therefore he cannot follow their precepts. The father rebukes him for his censoriousness, telling him that he must not be deterred from the path of virtue by the faults of others.

VII.—THE WRESTLER.

A wise man sees an athlete of huge bulk and strength reduced to a state of inarticulate rage by the jests and gibes of a puny youth. He moralises on the scene, and on the slight value of physical prowess without moral strength.

VIII.—THE WARRIOR OF ISPAHAN.

A hero of ancient Persia is met by a friend, who finds him grown old and decrepit. The warrior relates the story of a great fight with Tartars, which was his last engagement, and in which he suffered defeat from which he has never recovered. The poem expresses the fatalism so prevalent in the East.

IX.—THE ORPHAN.

- P. 117. **In my early date**—in childhood. **Date**=age or period.
Held my state—reigned, was in honour. **State**=dignity, rank.

- P. 118. **Who that desert, etc.**—*he* who has known what it is to be an orphan.

The throne of God—orphans are directly under the protection of God, and an offence against them is noted in Heaven.

X.—A SONG OF SPRING.

The poet celebrates the return of the spring season, and calls on the Sufi, or religious mystic and ascetic, to rejoice with him in the glory and beauty of God's creation, and not to remain absorbed in

contemplation. The beauty of Nature, he says, is a revelation of God to which we should not be blind. The present life is given us as a training or discipline for a wider and higher Future—we are therefore to use and enjoy it, and not to flee from it or close our eyes to it.

ANCIENT BUILDING AND REMAINS IN INDIA.

- P. 123. **Well up the island**—inland, at a distance from the shore.
 „ **Colossus**—large human figure or statue, so called from the huge statue which guarded the entrance to the harbour of Rhodes in ancient times.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

- P. 125. **Brussels lace**—a delicate kind of work made of interlaced threads, used as an ornament for the border of dresses, etc., so called from Brussels, the capital of Belgium, where it was first manufactured.
 „ **Favourite wife**—this was Arjmand Bann, surnamed Mumtaz Mahal.
 „ **Pounds Sterling**—English pounds, of 20 shillings each.
 P. 126. **Bougainvillea**—a flowering creeper, a native of South America, and so called from the French navigator, Bougainville.

FROM SHAKSPEARE.

These lines on the transitoriness of the world are taken from Shakspeare's play of "The Tempest."

- P. 128. **A wrack**—a fragment or broken piece.
 „ **We are such stuff, etc.**—our life is as fleeting and unreal as a dream, and may be compared to a slumber (from which we shall awake.) **Rounded with**—completed by or concluded in.

A CHAPTER ON MONKEYS.

- P. 129. **Folklore**—rustic superstitions and tales.
- P. 130. **Advised of**—informed by letter concerning.
- „ **Lost their tempers**—got angry.
- „ **Driving-bands**—straps attached to wheels, etc.
- „ **Lever points of a siding**—handles which turn aside the rails.
- „ **His kind**—animals of his species, monkeys.
- „ **Monkey plunder**—theft by monkeys.
- P. 132. **The child-loving Oriental**—Asiatics, who are usually fond of children.
- „ **Crest-wise**—like a crest or plume on the head.
- P. 133. **Fables of Æsop**—a Greek writer supposed to have lived about 570 B. C. in the condition of a slave. Most of the stories published under his name are, however, of Eastern origin.
- „ **Traditional cunning**—the cunning which has always been attributed to him (in ancient stories or traditions.)

GYGES' RING.

This story does not claim to be historical, though there is mention in it of real personages, such as Cræsus, King of Lydia in Asia Minor (560 to 546, B. C.). Gyges is said to have been an earlier king of Lydia from 716 to 678 B. C., who had a ring which rendered him invisible.

- P. 137. **Calling up shades**—invoking ghosts.
- P. 139. **Cyrus**—the founder of the Persian monarchy; died 529 B. C.
- P. 140. **Solon**, an Athenian, and one of the seven sages of Greece, died about 558 B. C. He travelled much and is said to have visited Cræsus in Lydia, where the famous conversation referred to take place. He made laws for Athens.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

- P. 141. **The dragooning system**—oppressive treatment. **To dragoon** is to abandon to the rage and violence of dragoons or soldiers. A dragoon is nowadays a horse-soldier, originally one who carried a dragon, or carbine bearing a dragon's head on its muzzle.
- P. 142. **Cumbersome machine**—carriage or cart.
 „ **As the newspapers call it**—in the common and sometimes incorrect language adopted by journalists, also called “journalese.”
- P. 143. **Positive solicitation**—actual fondling or petting of the horses.
 „ **Visit them with oppression**—treat them oppressively.
-

COWPER'S TAME HARES.

William Cowper (born 1731, died 1800), a famous English poet, was a man of delicate health and subject to fits of deep melancholy. In this piece, published by Cowper in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he describes how he amused himself by taming three hares, animals which are usually considered too wild and timid for domestic pets.

- P. 144. **Leveret**—a young hare.
 „ **Stocked a paddock**—filled or furnished a field with hares.
 „ **Appellatives**—names.
 „ **Commencing carpenter**—beginning to exercise the trade of a carpenter.
- P. 145. **Chewing the cud**—ruminating animals, such as the cow, take the food into the first stomach and afterwards bring it up again to chew at leisure (Hindustani, jugali karna).
 „ **Drumming**—beating with his fore-feet.
- P. 146. **Stroke**—to rub gently (sahlana).
 „ **Matter of mirth**—a cause of amusement, a laughable thing.
 „ **Vestris**—a celebrated dancer of that period.

- P. 147. **Discrimination in the cast of countenances**—difference in the faces.
„ **Powdered coat**—floury coat.
„ **The sportsman's amusement**—hunting or shooting wild animals.
- P. 148. **Graze**—eat grass.
„ **Succulent**—juicy, full of juice.
„ **Rot**—a disease of the liver, to which sheep and some other animals are subject.
-

EPITAPH ON A HARE (p. 150).

- Verse 1. **Tainted morning dew**—sullied or defiled the dew lying on the grass, as it flees from the pursuing hounds.
„ **Halloo**—shout.
- Verse 2. **Jack hare**—male hare.
„ 3. **Pittance**—allowance or rations of food.
„ 4. **Scour his maw**—cleanse or purge his stomach.
„ 5. **Regaled**—feasted.
„ **Pippin's russet peel**—the reddish skin or rind of an apple.
- Verse 10. **Gentler Puss**—his companion named Puss, who was of a gentler nature.
-

CRICKET.

- P. 153. **As an adjunct**—in connection with it.
„ **Town and country**—town-residents and villagers or people of the rural districts.
- P. 154. **Tossed for innings**—thrown up a coin to decide which side shall go in or 'bat.'
- P. 155. **Its social character**—the fact that it brings people together in a friendly manner.

MAXIMS FROM THE BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES.

- P. 155. No. 4. **Not where others fail, etc.**—we are not to notice where *others* fail, nor what they do, or leave undone.
- P. 156. No. 5. **The gift of earnestness**—thoughtfulness, the capacity of regarding life seriously and from a spiritual point of view.
- No. 8. That is, the good man lives harmlessly—‘wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove.’
- P. 157. No. 13. **The sin ripens**—the evil action or habit produces its natural fruit, brings punishment or suffering.
- No. 18. Compare New Testament, “Render to no man evil for evil.”
- “Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.”
-

PEARL FISHERIES.

- P. 158. **Cleopatra**—Queen of Egypt. The Roman General, Mark Antony, fell in love with her. The incident referred to occurred in 41 B. C.
- „ **Eccentric**—unusual, extraordinary.
- „ **Pliny**—a Roman writer on Natural History.
- P. 160. **A workable plate**—a surface which can be used or applied in making ornaments and covering articles.
- „ **Foreign body**—outside or extraneous object.
- „ **Mantle**—skin.
- P. 163. **The colours hoisted**—a flag is raised.
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FROM THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

- P. 166. **With blossomed.....gay**—brightly, but uselessly, adorned with the yellow flowers of the furze or gorse, a shrub which grows on waste land.

- P. 166. **Boding tremblers**—frightened children foreseeing punishment.
- „ **To trace ..face**—to calculate what his behaviour, or treatment of them, would be, from observing the expression of his face in the morning when school began.
- „ **Was in fault**—was the cause of his severity.
- „ **Terms and tides**—seasons and festivals of the year.
- „ **Gauge**—measure the contents or capacity of vessels.
- P. 167. **Passing rich**—surpassing or very rich.
- „ **Ran his race**—lived or passed his life.
- „ **Doctrines ..hour**—teaching adopted to please the party in power for the time being; going with the multitude; a temporising policy.
- „ **The vagrant train**—succession of wandering beggars or mendicants; the begging fraternity.
- „ **He chid...pain**—he rebuked them for their irregular life, but did not withhold his charity from them.
- P. 168. **Learned to glow**—became interested in their stories.
- „ **His pity...began**—he gave money to them out of the warmth of his kind heart and sympathy, and not merely as a duty of charity.
- „ **His failings . side**—his faults (of indiscriminate charity) were due to his virtue, that is, his benevolence.
- „ **Allured...the way**—exhorted his flock to tread in the way to Heaven, and showed them a good example.
- „ **Parting life**—a dying person.
- „ **Praise**—the praise of God, for his mercy and forgiveness.
- „ **Prevailed with double sway**—was doubly impressive or effective—for its own sake, and also by reason of the high character of the preacher.
- P. 169. **Midway leaves the storm**—rises high above clouds and tempests.

GOOD MANNERS.

- P. 169. **The milk of human kindness**—a quotation from Shakspeare.
- P. 170. **On the down-grade**—degenerating. *Grade* here means 'gradient,' that is, "the slope or inclination of the ground over which a road or railway passes."
- " **Manners maketh man**—men become worthy and noble by the cultivation of good manners.
- " **William of Wykeham**—founder of Winchester School.
- P. 171. **Wounding inuendo**—hint or allusion which hurts the feelings of the hearer.
- " **Chesterfield, Earl of.** (1694-1773)—an accomplished courtier and wit, published a book of letters of advice to his son, which inculcate precepts of worldly wisdom and polished behaviour.
- " **This passion**—this strong inclination or desire.
- P. 172. **Wordsworth**—English poet, 1770 to 1850.
- " **Tennyson**—English poet, 1809 to 1892.
- " **Idle**—vain or useless.
- " **Demosthenes**—the greatest of the Greek orators.
- P. 173. **A dropped fan**—A fan dropped by a lady.
- " **Genteelly**—politely ; elegantly.
- " **Secretary . ambassador**—grades of the diplomatic service.
- " **Sacrifice to the graces**—the Graces in Greek Mythology were three deities in whose gift were grace, beauty and favour. Hence to sacrifice to the graces means to seek to acquire those qualities, to improve one's manners.
- " **A bad manner**—an awkward style of doing things ; an unpleasing demeanour.
- " **Handicap**—hinder ; keep back. To handicap a horse or runner in a race is to place him behind others, not in the front rank.

- P. 173. **Dr. Johnson**—Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), author of the great English Dictionary, Lives of the Poets, etc. The line is taken from his poem on 'The Vanity of Human Wishes.'
- „ **Give the tone**—lead the conversation by starting topics; to take a leading part in a company of friends. *To take the tone* is to follow the line of conversation started by others.
- „ **To bore**—to weary by talking too long on one subject, or in a manner not interesting to the hearers, or about subjects in which they are not interested.
- „ **To retail**—to pass on to others.
- P. 174. **The receiver**—the person who likes to hear scandal.
- „ **The grand ..gentleman**—a quotation from Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'
- „ **Be noble, etc.**—lines by J. R. Lowell, the American poet.
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THE PRAISE OF LOVE.

This passage is taken from the New Testament (Revised Version). 'Love' here is a rendering of the Greek word *charis*, which meant (1) grace, favour, (2) kindness or goodwill. It is used in the latter sense, implying benevolence towards one's fellow-men and earnest desire for their welfare.

- P. 174. **Sounding brass**—a mere talker.
- P. 175. **Taketh not account of evil**—is not censorious or ready to blame.
- „ **Rejoiceth with the truth**—is glad when right is done.
- „ **Believeth all things**—is not sceptical and cynical, believes the best of everyone, and takes a hopeful and charitable view.

P. 175. **Tongues**—here mean inspired sayings or speeches, such as we read of as being common in the early Christian Church.

„ **Now...in a mirror**—the reference to is the metal mirror of ancient times, which did not give a clear reflection. *Now* means in this earthly, imperfect state; *then* points to the world of love and truth for which we hope in future.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

By Leigh Hunt, an English poet and literary man, born 1784, died 1859.

P. 175. l. 1. **Abou Ben Adhem**—said to have been a King of Balkh.

„ l. 3. **Within . bloom**—by the light of the moon with pure white radiance.

„ l. 9. **A look made of all sweet accord**—a gentle and loving glance.

„ „ **The Lord**—Almighty God.

P. 176, l. 7. **The names . blessed**—the names of those who were blessed because they loved God. That is, his name had now been entered in the book, because he loved men—God taking this as equivalent to or implying love to himself.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

P. 176. **Clapping of hands**—a mark of applause and approval.

„ **Do not . be ashamed, etc.**—avoid and be ashamed of wrongdoing in itself, not only of being discovered.

P. 177. **Epictetus**—a moralist and Stoic philosopher at Rome in the first century after Christ.

„ **Stumble**—fail; err.

- P. 177. **Pedagogue**—in Greece and Rome a slave was employed to conduct children to school, called a pedagogue or 'boy-leader.' Nowadays the word is applied to schoolmasters, but here in its original sense.
- „ **To gain a victory**—to beat others in argument, or to get the better of others who hold a different opinion.
- „ **Plato**—a famous Greek philosopher, born at Athens B. C. 429, died 347 B. C.
- „ **A fault which needs . thereby**—faults which are concealed by lying or falsehood become aggravated thereby, their guilt is doubled.
- P. 178. **Cyrus**—king of Persia, which he made into a great empire, died 529 B. C.
- „ **Dr. Arnold**—Thomas Arnold, D. D., Headmaster of Rugby School, and one of the most famous of English educationists. Born 1795, died 1842.
- „ **Moral transparency**—clearness and soundness of the moral nature.
- „ **The Emperor Antoninus**—a good Roman Emperor, and a man of high character and benevolence, died in 161 A. D.
- P. 179. **A sophist**—a false reasoner ; one who tries to teach falsehood.
- „ **Marcus Aurelius**—adopted son of Antoninus, one of the best Emperors of Rome, a moralist who wrote *Meditations*. He reigned from 161 to 180 A. D.
- „ **No. 4. Feed the habit**—encourage it.
- „ **Make a sacrifice to God**—rejoice ; be thankful.
- P. 180. **No. 5. Complaisance**—civility ; politeness.
- „ **Smooths distinction**—removes the strangeness or constraint caused by difference of rank.
- „ **Make the sum, etc.**—when added together constitute the whole of our life, which consists of a multitude of so-called 'trifles.'

- P. 180. **Foibles**—small faults ; weak points of character.
 „ **Save or serve**—perform great deeds, or render great benefits.
 No. 6. **Stand me in stead**—help me.
 P. 181. No. 6. **An instrument**—a means for obtaining (pleasurable gratification).

THE KNIGHT AND THE SARACEN.

- P. 183. **Asphaltites**—so called from the asphalt or bitumen, a kind of mineral pitch, which abounds there.
 „ **Cities of the plain**—Sodom and Gomorrah, which are said in the Bible to have been destroyed by fire from heaven on account of their wickedness.
 „ **A tribute to the ocean**—a river or stream flowing from to the sea.
 „ **Brimstone and salt, etc.**—quoted from the book of Deuteronomy in the Bible, chapter 29, verse 23.
 P. 184. **Linked mail**—defensive covering for the body, consisting of a network of metal chains, or small plates of metal linked together with rings or chainwork.
 „ **Plaited gauntlets**—gloves made of steel links or network.
 „ **Hauberk**—coat of mail, formed of interwoven steel rings.
 „ **Plated shoes**—shoes defended with metal plates.
 „ **Pennoncelle**—a small pennon or pointed flag.
 „ **The arms of the owner**—his heraldic device, inherited from his ancestors, and marking him as a man of gentle birth.
 „ **Couchant**—lying down, a term of heraldry, the words used in which are mainly derived from the Norman-French.
 „ **Front-stall**—band in front of.
 „ **Unicorn**—literally, one-horned. A fabulous animal with one horn growing out of its forehead ; a heraldic device seen on the royal arms of England.

- P. 185. **Panoply**—armour. The word literally means 'all arms,' or complete suit of armour.
- „ **Squire**—attendant ; a youth of gentle birth attending on a Knight, and himself being trained to become a Knight, in feudal times—a contracted form of Esquire.
- P. 186. **Green caftan**—a garment worn in Turkey, Egypt, etc., consisting of a kind of long vest tied round at the waist with a girdle and having sleeves longer than the arms. *Green* is the favourite colour of Mussalmans.
- „ **Barb**—Barbary horse.
- „ **Champion of the cross**—Christian warrior, crusader.
- P. 187. **Placed it in rest**—the 'rest' was a kind of support or pocket fixed on the saddle in which the end of the lance was fixed to give it firmness when charging an opponent.
- P. 190. **Lingua franca**—a mixed language consisting partly of French or Frankish words and partly of others. It is also used as a general term to describe a mixed language which is a general means of intercourse, as Hindustani is called the 'lingua franca' of India.
- „ **Nazarene**—an inhabitant of Nazareth ; a name given first to Christ and afterwards to his followers.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

- P. 191. **Favoured his meditations**—were favourable to meditations, suitable for reflection.
- „ **Artificial white and red**—powder and rouge for colouring the face.
- „ **Affectation**—pretence ; assumed refinement of manner.
- „ **To show ..to an advantage**—to add to the beauty of her face.

- P. 192. **Sumptuous tables**—rich feasts.
" **Beauties**—beautiful women.
" *Happiness* and *Pleasure* are distinguished from each other,
the former being that calm and peaceful joy which accom-
panies virtue and right ways of living, the latter referring
to indulgence of the senses.
" **Descended from the gods**—the Greeks reckoned certain of
their heroes as demigods, whose father or mother was
one of their deities. Thus Hercules was said to be the
son of Jupiter and Alcmena (a mortal).
P. 193. **Set a price upon**—fixed some condition for obtaining.
" **Must be at the pains of worshipping**—must take the trouble
to worship.
" **Votaries**—followers, those who are devoted to your service.
P. 194. **In years**—old ; elderly.

TIGER SHOOTING.

Tiger Shooting

- P. 194. **Durham ox**—Durham is a county of England famous for
its breed of oxen.
" **Poodle**—a small dog covered with long curling hair.
" **Palmated**—in the shape of the hand with fingers extended.
P. 198. **Chase of bubbles**—the otter is a water animal whose course
is traced by the bubbles which it sends up when swim-
ming under water.
P. 199. **Pounding away**—travelling with difficulty, over trouble-
some ground.
To *pound* means literally to beat.

BEFORE WATERLOO.

This is an extract from a long poem by Lord Byron (1788-1824)
entitled *Childe Harold*, describing the poet's wanderings and reflec-
tions in various countries of Europe, among historical scenes.

The battle of Waterloo, the most decisive engagement in modern times, in which Napoleon was finally crushed, took place in June 1815. A great ball or entertainment was given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond on the night of 15th June. The Duke of Wellington, the English Commander, heard the news of the approach of the French army before the ball. "He decided to march out early in the morning, but kept his resolve secret from the public, only telling a few of his officers. At a certain hour, while actually at the ball, the majority of the officers were called away to prepare for the march and in a few hours were on their way to the field of Quatre-Bras." The great battle of Waterloo took place on the 18th.

P. 204, v. 1. **Belgium's Capital**--Brussels, where the allied army was stationed.

" **Beauty and Chivalry**—fair ladies and brave officers.
Voluptuous swell—pleasurable sound; exciting notes.

" **Looked love**—looked lovingly; cast glances of affection.

" **Marriage-bell**—the bells of a church, which ring a joyous peal on the occasion of a marriage or wedding.

" **Strikes**—sounds, reaches the ear.

A rising knell—a funeral bell or death-bell beginning to sound; in contrast to the joyous notes of a marriage-bell, to which the festivity was compared in the preceding line. The *knell* is the mournful ringing of the church bell on the occasion of a funeral or burial.

P. 205, v. 2. **When youth . feet**—when young people are met for pleasure, to pass the time in merriment and dancing. Notice the personification, Youth, Pleasure. The hours are also personified, as in Greek mythology. Meaning: to dance away the merry hours.

P. 205, v. 2. The cannon's opening roar—the beginning of a cannonade or discharge of cannon, heard in the distance.

„ v. 3. Mounting, of horses.

„ The mustering squadron—the assembling of cavalry, or mounted troops. A squadron is a division of cavalry, from 100 to 200 men.

„ The clattering car—the artillery carts passing noisily along the street.

„ Thunder—noise of cannon.

P. 205, v. 3. Alarming drum—drum which gives the 'alarm' or summons to arm.

„ Ere the morning star—before daybreak, when the morning star (Venus) becomes conspicuous.

„ With white lips—in fear.

P. 205, v. 4. Lusty life—strength ; vigour.

„ In beauty's circle—at the ball, in the company of ladies.

„ Signal-sound of strife--the summons to battle.

„ Marshalling in arms--falling into rank ; arrangement.
Which when rent—and when those (thunderclouds) are rent ; after the battle was over. The day of the battle was stormy and cloudy.

„ Other clay—the bodies of the slain.

„ Pent—literally means penned, or closely confined, many in small space, pressed together.

„ Blent—blended, mingled.

THE LAST FIGHT IN THE COLISEUM.

P. 206. Vespasian—Emperor of Rome, reigned 59 to 79 A. D.

„ Travertine—a kind of white limestone.

- P. 207. **Togas**—long loose robes worn by Roman gentlemen as their outer garment, and fastened on one shoulder.
- P. 208. **Pallium**—a kind of cloak worn by women.
- „ **On couches**—the Romans used to recline while eating on three couches, arranged near the table. They lay on the couch leaning on the elbow.
- „ **Orpheus**—a mythical Greek hero and musician, the inventor of the lyre, whose music drew after him wild beasts by whom he was (according to the story) finally devoured.
- „ **Real earnest**—in reality.
- P. 209. **A triumph**—victorious Roman generals were often allowed to celebrate a triumph, by going in procession through the city, leading their captives. The meaning here is that the wild beast was to be permitted to pass freely round the arena, as a token of its victory.
- „ **The newer**—more novel or previously unknown.
- „ **Daintiness**—niceness ; a feeling of dislike to anything unpleasant.
- „ **Taste for horror**—liking for cruel sights ; bloodthirstiness.
- „ **Game**—animals pursued or baited for sport.
- „ **Mounters**—wild beasts.
- P. 210. **Met the lion's gory mane**—a quotation from Heber's hymn beginning,
 „The Son of God goes forth to war.”
- „ **The brute creation**—animals, or wild beasts.
- P. 211. **Melee**—mixed encounter.
- „ **The steel**—the sword or dagger.
- „ **Casts**—plaster copies taken from the original statue, which is in the British Museum in London.
- P. 211. **Noble lines**—from Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*. See notes to the poem “Before Waterloo.”

P. 211. His manly.. agony—appears despairing ; yet patient and self-controlled.

„ The arena swims, &c.—his sight becomes dim.

„ Gone—dead.

„ His eyes...heart—he saw not the surrounding scene, but was looking (in imagination) at his distant home.

„ Recked not of—cared not for.

P. 212. Dacian—Dacia was a province of the Roman Empire, in modern Austria.

„ Barbarians—children. The Greeks and Romans called all foreigners barbarians or uncivilised.

„ Rushed with his blood—passed through his thoughts as he shed his last blood and died.

„ Goths—referring to the invasion of the Roman Empire by the Goths, a Teutonic or Germanic race, soon afterwards.

„ Glut your ire—satisfy your anger ; take revenge for such cruelties.

„ Fair play—just and right.

„ Worked its way upwards—from the lower classes to the higher.

P. 212. The Emperor—Constantine the Great protected and favoured Christianity, and most other Emperors after him were Christians.

P. 213. Vermilion cheeks—one of the strange customs of the Roman triumph was that the conquering general's cheeks were painted red.

„ Temple of Jupiter—in former times the conqueror had been wont to go up to the temple of Jupiter at the Capitol, and offer sacrifice.

„ Innocently—without human bloodshed.

- P. 214. Came the feeling, &c.—the people realised or came to know what they had done.
- „ His work was done—he had accomplished the task or duty which he had set himself.
- „ Shock—the strong, sudden, and painful impression.
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THE AIM OF LIFE.

- P. 215. A man's life consisteth, &c.—Bible, Luke 12, 15.
- P. 216. Capacity of appreciation—being able to understand the value of many different things.
- „ To take in the world—to enjoy.
- „ A Cynic—one who looks with contempt and dislike on the world, and has no faith in human nature.
- „ A wastrel—a prodigal.
- „ A Croesus—see page 134, and note.
- „ Milton—the lines are quoted from *Paradise Lost*. They mean that heaven and hell are not only *places* but *states* of mind.
- „ A Barmecide banquet—a feast at which there is nothing to eat. Alluding to a story in the “Arabian Nights,” where a rich man plays a joke on a poor man, pretending to supply him with rich dainties when there is nothing but empty dishes.
- „ What is a man profited, etc.—Bible, Matthew 16, 26.
- P. 218. Do it with your might—see Bible, Ecclesiastes 9, 10.
“Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”
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WORK.

- P. 218. Not my doom—not merely a hard fate or lot appointed for me.

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

- P. 219, v. 2. Let the road—though one's course may be.
- „ v. 3. 'Policy'—expediency ; acting selfishly without regard to truth and conscience.
- „ v. 4. 'School'—party or sect, in religion or philosophy or politics.
- „ v. 6. Cease from man—Bible, Isaiah 2, 22. 'Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?' That is, 'Trust in God, do not depend on man alone.'

RUSKIN'S SEVEN GOOD RULES.

These were the rules which John Ruskin, a famous writer on art and political economy, laid down for the guidance of a guild or society which he established in England.

- P. 220. No. 5. All gentle life—the life of all gentle things, such as birds and harmless creatures.

ALEXANDER'S INVASION AND DEATH.

- P. 221. Hercules—see p. 191, and note.
- „ Achilles—a Greek hero in the Trojan War, of Greeks against Troy.
- „ Aristotle—384 to 323 B. C.
- „ The battle of Chaeronea—B. C. 338.
- P. 225. Their traditions...a prince of their own—under the name of Sikandar, many stories are still told about Alexander in the East, and long fictitious narratives have been made up by the Persian poets.
- „ Free of hand—generous.

HOME DUTIES.

- P. 225. Of each other sure—possess mutual confidence.
 „ The household nook—the hearth ; the home.
 P. 227. A wise son maketh, etc.—Bible, Proverbs 10, 1.
 „ Sharper than a serpent's tooth, etc.—from Shakspeare, King Lear.
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CASABIANCA.

Casabianca was the name of the captain of the French man-of-war 'L'Orient.' At the battle of the Nile in 1798, between the English under Nelson and the French fleet, this captain, having first secured the safety of his crew, blew up his ship, to prevent it falling into the hands of the English. His little son, refusing to leave him, perished with his father. This is the true story as it is found in the *Book of Golden Deeds*. It will be seen that Mrs. Hemans in her ballad represents that it was by the *command* of his father that the boy remained at his post. In either case, the filial devotion of young Casabianca shines out equally. The poetess has followed the version of the story which states that the father told his young son to stay during the battle in a place where he would be comparatively safe till he returned for him, and the boy obeyed his father to the death.

- P. 229, v. 1. But he—(somewhat peculiar). It means, of course, "except him." The idea is "whence all had fled, but he (had not fled)." The use of *but* as a preposition arises from its use as a conjunction, so that this may claim to be the strictly grammatical form, though it is unusual.
 „ The battle's wreck—the shattered ships at the close of the battle.

- P. 229, v. 2. As born to rule the storm—like one fitted to command a war-ship or to be a leader in a sea-fight.
As—as if.
- P. 230, v. 3. Faint in death—dying. Helpless and unconscious through approaching death.
- „ v. 4. My task—his duty of remaining at his post.
- „ v. 7. Sail and shroud—singular for plural, Shroud—rigging ; ropes.
- „ Wreathing fires—flames winding along in a circular manner.
- P. 231, v. 9. Thunder-sound—caused by the explosion of the powder magazine.
- „ v. 10. Borne their part—served their purpose ; done their share of the fighting.
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THE STORY OF ALNASCHAR.

- P. 231. Prince of the faithful—the Caliph, Khalifa, or head of the Mohammadan faith.
- P. 232. Mamlouks or Mamlukes—slaves ; originally meant boys brought from the Caucasus into Egypt, where they formed a powerful body of troops, and at one time made themselves supreme. Here, however, it means ‘ mounted slaves.’
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THOROUGHNESS.

- P. 234. Magic charm—means.
- „ Words of Scripture—Ecclesiastes 9, 10.
- „ An ancient king—Hezekiah, See II Chronicles 31, 21.
- P. 235. A two-legged creature—a being in human form.

- P. 236. An estate in the...goodwill—wealth in the form of affection and honour.
„ Should tell—should produce their due effect.
- P. 237. Trifles make up perfection—small and seemingly unimportant details must be attended to, in order to secure real success.
„ Windy persons—talkative people.
„ Cumberers of the ground—see Bible, Luke 13, 7.
„ Ruskin—see p. 219, notes.
„ British Museum, in London. Where copies of all books published in England are preserved.
- P. 238. Make his way ashore—make himself understood by the people of the country which he visits in his ship.
„ A scholar—an educated person.
„ Art long—see p. 60, and note.
- P. 239. Experiment slippery—experience is often deceitful.
Hippocrates—a Greek physician, called the Father of medical science, 460 to 361 B. C.
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THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

- P. 239, l. 1. Stilly—still ; silent.
l. 3. Brings around me—recalls former happy times ; brings sweet thoughts.
l. 9. Gone—dead.
- P. 240, l. 2. Linked together—united by affection.
l. 3. Fall—pass away ; perish.
l. 10. All but he—all except him who treads alone, etc.
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THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

A brief account of a family of four children, whose fortune took them to widely separated countries, where now they lie buried. The

authoress (Mrs. Hemans, born 1793, died 1835) in the closing verse expresses the hope of immortality and reunion for these brothers and sisters, so closely united in affection, though sundered by distance.

P. 240, v. 2. **Folded flower**—sleeping child.

„ **Dreamers**—those who once, as children, slept in that home.

P. 241, v. 3. **The west**—North America, which lies westward from England.

„ **The Indian**—the North-American Indians. The aborigines of America were so called by the early voyagers and explorers, because they believed that they had reached India when they discovered America.

„ **Place of rest**—grave ; burial-place.

P. 241, v. 4. One is lying at the bottom of the sea, having been either drowned, or buried from a ship in which he may have died.

„ **The loved of all**—this may mean either, ‘the most beloved of all’ (by the parents), or simply ‘beloved by all.’

Bed—grave.

v. 5. **Dressed**—cultivated. Spain is a land of vineyards.

Colours—the flag of his regiment, he being a cornet or junior officer whose duty it was to carry the flag.

Field of Spain—referring to the Peninsular War, from 1808 to 1814, in which an English army under Wellington united with the Spaniards to free the country from the French, who were commanded by the generals of Napoleon.

Field—battlefield.

- P. 241, v. 6. **She faded**—died slowly of some disease, such as consumption. She had probably been sent to Italy for the sake of its warmer climate, in hopes of recovery.

Band—family.

- v. 7. **One parent knee**—the knee of one parent, that is, their mother, alluding to the English custom of teaching little children to say their daily prayers kneeling at their mother's knee.

- v. 8. **Lit up the hall**—made glad or cheerful the house.
Hearth—home ; fireside, which is the centre and distinctive part of the home, especially in cold climates.

Alas for love, etc.—It would be sad for those who love, if death were the end of all, and if there were no life beyond this, where friends may be reunited.

THE PATRIOT.

- P. 242. **Strand**—shore ; country.

Breathe—live.

No minstrel...swell—no poet sings his praises.

Doubly dying—being forgotten as well as dying.

ONE'S NATIVE LAND.

- P. 242. **Emparadise**—beautify ; make like a Paradise.

Time-tutored—experienced ; wise through experience.

- P. 243. **Trembles to that pole**—Is attracted to his own country, as the magnetised needle of the compass is attracted towards the North Pole.

Of heaven's...grace—specially favoured by God.

Creation's tyrant—Lord of creation ; master of the world.

P. 243. **Blend the sire, the son, etc.**—are seen united, the qualities properly belonging to a father, son, etc.—that is, the domestic virtues.

Loves and graces—allegorical persons representing all that is innocent, charming, and bright in female character.

OUR COUNTRY.

P. 243. **Broadening world**—expanding destiny; larger sphere of influence.

P. 244. **Thriving, striving**—developing and struggling.

FINIS.